

WARHAMMER

40,000



CODEx IMPERIALIS



A DEVASTATOR SQUAD OF ULTRAMARINES



DEATHWING TERMINATORS BATTLE AGAINST WORLD EATER SPACE MARINES

WARHAMMER

40,000



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or more than a hundred centuries the Emperor has sat immobile on the Golden Throne of Earth. He is the master of mankind by the will of the gods and master of a million worlds by the might of his *inexhaustible armies*. He is a rotting carcass writhing invisibly with power from the Dark Age of Technology. He is the Carrion Lord of the Imperium for whom a thousand souls die every day, for whom blood is drunk and flesh eaten. Human blood and human flesh – the stuff of which the Imperium is made.

To be a man in such times is to be one amongst untold billions. It is to live in the cruellest and most bloody regime imaginable. This is the tale of those times. It is a universe you can live in today – if you dare – for this is a dark and terrible era where you will find little comfort or hope. If you want to take part in the adventure then prepare yourself now. Forget the power of technology, science and common humanity. Forget the promise of progress and understanding, for there is no peace amongst the stars, only an eternity of carnage and slaughter and the laughter of thirsting gods.

But the universe is a big place and, whatever happens, you will not be missed...



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What is the terror of death
That we die our work incomplete.
What is the joy of life
To die knowing our task is done.

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How can a man be happy if he cannot serve his
lord with his whole heart?

Litany of the Adeptus

THE GALAXY

The Imperium of Mankind is spread across almost the entire galaxy and consists of more than a million worlds. Although this is a huge number of planets it is as nothing when compared to the immense size of the galaxy. The Imperium is actually spread very thinly across space: its worlds are dotted through the void and divided by hundreds, if not thousands of light years. It is therefore wrong to think of the Imperium in terms of a territory which extends across the galaxy. The truth is far more complex. Within the galaxy are countless alien civilisations, many separate Ork empires, and vast areas occupied by the Tyranids or given over to Chaos. Most of the galaxy remains unexplored. Who knows what secrets lie undiscovered amongst the stars? Undoubtedly there are other advanced civilisations, lost human colonies, and the ruins of long dead races waiting to be explored.

The pattern of human settlement throughout the galaxy undoubtedly owes much to the nature of space travel. All interstellar travel is undertaken using power warp drives which launch a spacecraft into the alternative dimension of warp space. Within warp space a ship can cover the equivalent of many thousands of light years within a relatively short time, dropping back into real space far away from its starting point.



Because of the unpredictable and turbulent nature of warp space, some parts of the galaxy are harder to reach than others. Some zones are eternally isolated by violent currents of movement within warp space. Other areas are difficult to get to or can only be reached during periodic lulls in the warp. More bizarre still, some parts of warp space act like power vortices, pulling or sucking helpless spacecraft to their doom. Only the spacecraft of the Imperium can fully exploit the medium of warp space to travel from one side of the galaxy to another. Other races, such as Orks, can only travel short distances through the warp and this limits the size of their individual empires and prevents them becoming united. It is only this factor which enables the Imperium to function as a whole.

THE TIDES OF THE WARP

The reason why the spacecraft of the Imperium can move quickly over the entire galaxy, while other races suffer more restricted and slower spaceflight, is a combination of three factors. The first is the maintenance of ancient technology by the Adeptus Mechanicus – the Tech Priests of Mars who preserve the lore of ancient science on behalf of the Adeptus Terra. Without the technological advantage of efficient warp engines it would be impossible for the Imperium to defend its scattered planets. The second factor is the existence of human mutants known as Navigators – a race apart which traces its origins to the uncertain times of the Dark Age of Technology. Only a Navigator can pilot a ship within warp space. His

swollen cranium houses a mind which is sensitive to the tides and currents of the warp, enabling him to guide his ship through warp space to its eventual destination. Other races must rely upon guesswork and endless corrective manoeuvres to travel even short distances through the warp.

The third factor which makes warp travel possible is the immeasurably powerful psychic beacon called the *Astronomican*. Broadcast by a choir of psykers from Earth, the *Astronomican* reaches out through warp space, guiding spacecraft to their destination. Only a Navigator can sense the guiding light of the *Astronomican*, and only he can follow its psychic signal. It is the *Astronomican* which allows a Navigator to use his powers to the full; without it not even the most powerful Navigator could pilot his ship over the immense distances which separate the worlds of the Imperium.

PERILS OF THE WARP

Warp space is an alternate dimension composed of energy as opposed to the physical space of the material universe. There are dangers within the warp which can wreck spacecraft and carry them off course, unexpected turbulence, warp storms, and loops that can trap a ship for eternity. These dangers, though considerable, are nothing compared to the greater and unimaginable dangers that lurk in warp space.

To understand these dangers it is important to realise two important facts about the nature of the warp. Firstly, warp space is composed entirely of psychic energy. It is this psychic energy which a human psyker draws upon to use his powers, to send telepathic messages hurtling through the warp from world to world, or to propel a psychic bolt of energy against a foe. Secondly, warp space is not empty but inhabited by many strange and dangerous creatures, the most dangerous of which are the Great Gods of Chaos and their legions of daemons.

Daemons lust after the flesh and blood of living creatures. They want only to destroy mankind, to drag the souls of men back to their shadowy realm, to obliterate the material universe and engulf it within the energy of warp space. Fortunately this is not easy to accomplish. Daemons cannot exist for long in the material universe and they need to find psychic gateways in order to leave the warp. Such gateways exist but they are rare. The most vulnerable gateways of all are the minds of psykers. A psyker's powers open up a path between reality and the warp, a path which a daemon may find and follow to the mind of the psyker himself.

Such are the dangers of the warp – at once a boon and protector, and an unimaginable horror. Without the ability to travel throughout warp space the Imperium would certainly collapse and mankind would fall victim to the thousand perils that threaten to destroy it. Without psykers the whole system of astro-telecommunication would be non-existent, and it would be impossible to guide the Imperium's armies and fleets against its many enemies. For these reasons at least warp space is essential to the Imperium's very existence. Yet at the same time warp space harbours terrors so great, dangers so profound, that much of the Imperium's efforts are spent in combat against them.

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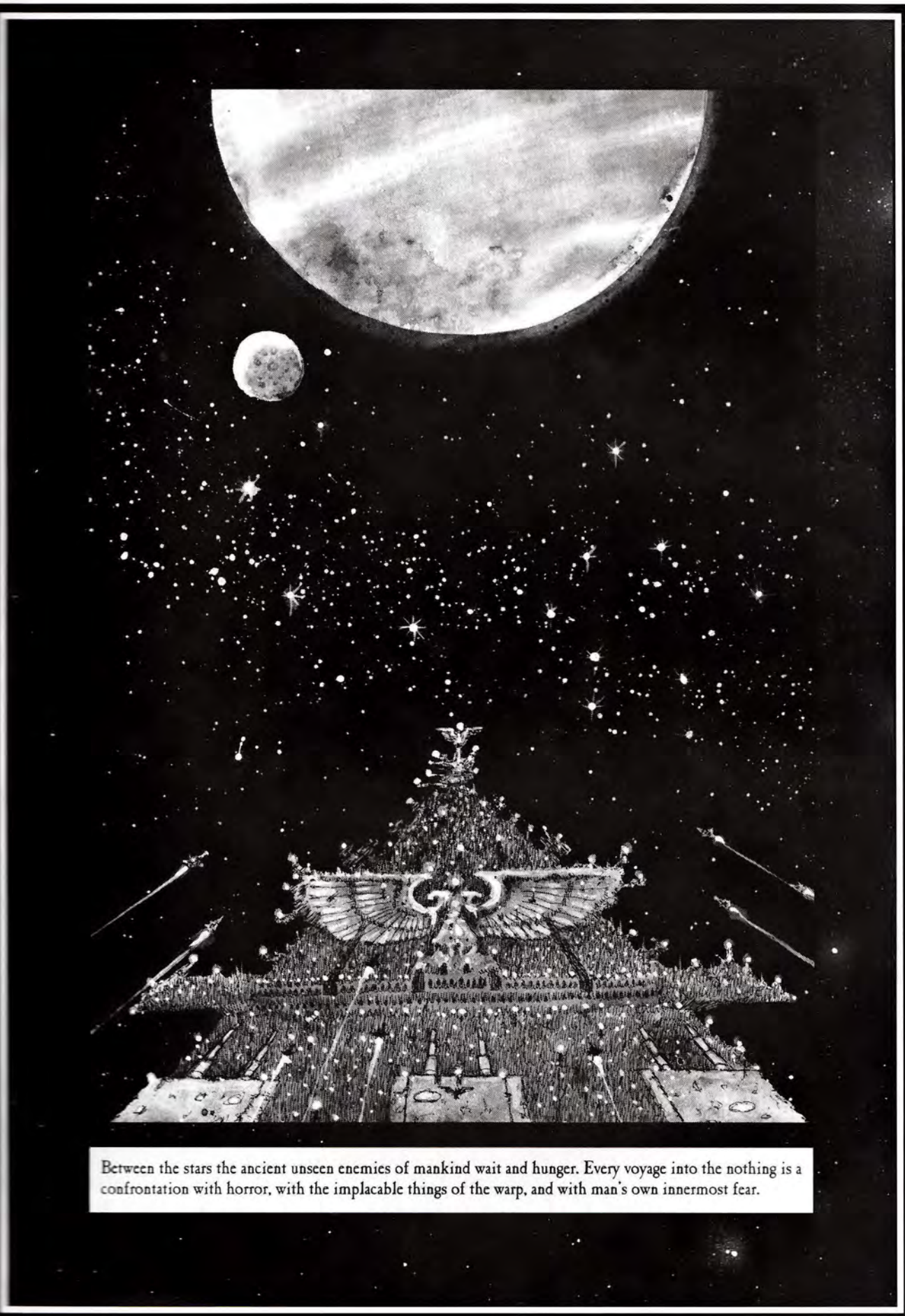
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Between the stars the ancient unseen enemies of mankind wait and hunger. Every voyage into the nothing is a confrontation with horror, with the implacable things of the warp, and with man's own innermost fear.

THE GALAXY

It is the forty first millennium and mankind has spread throughout space. The initial human colonisation of the galaxy lies in the distant past, separated from the present by millennia of regression and rebuilding. Human worlds are scattered throughout the galaxy but their distribution is not even. The greatest density of human worlds is in the galactic west, close to Earth. In the galactic east, in the area known as the Eastern Fringe, human worlds are few and often far apart.

Many human worlds benefit from mutual contact and a comparable level of technology. Others have become primitive and barbarous, often as a result of periods of isolation. New human worlds are being discovered all the time, and there remains an unknown number which have been isolated and forgotten for hundreds, if not thousands, of years. Even so, these human worlds represent only a tiny proportion of the stellar systems in the galaxy.

THE EYE OF TERROR. This eye-shaped swirl of star clusters is the largest zone of warp space intrusion in the galaxy. Here the fabric of the material universe has broken down and consumed by the warp. The Eye of Terror contains the Daemon Worlds of Chaos: bizarre sub-realities ruled by horrific Daemon Princes of Chaos.

RESEARCH STATIONS. Worlds which contain no significant sentient population are often used by research units to conduct dangerous experiments into new aspects of techno-arcana.

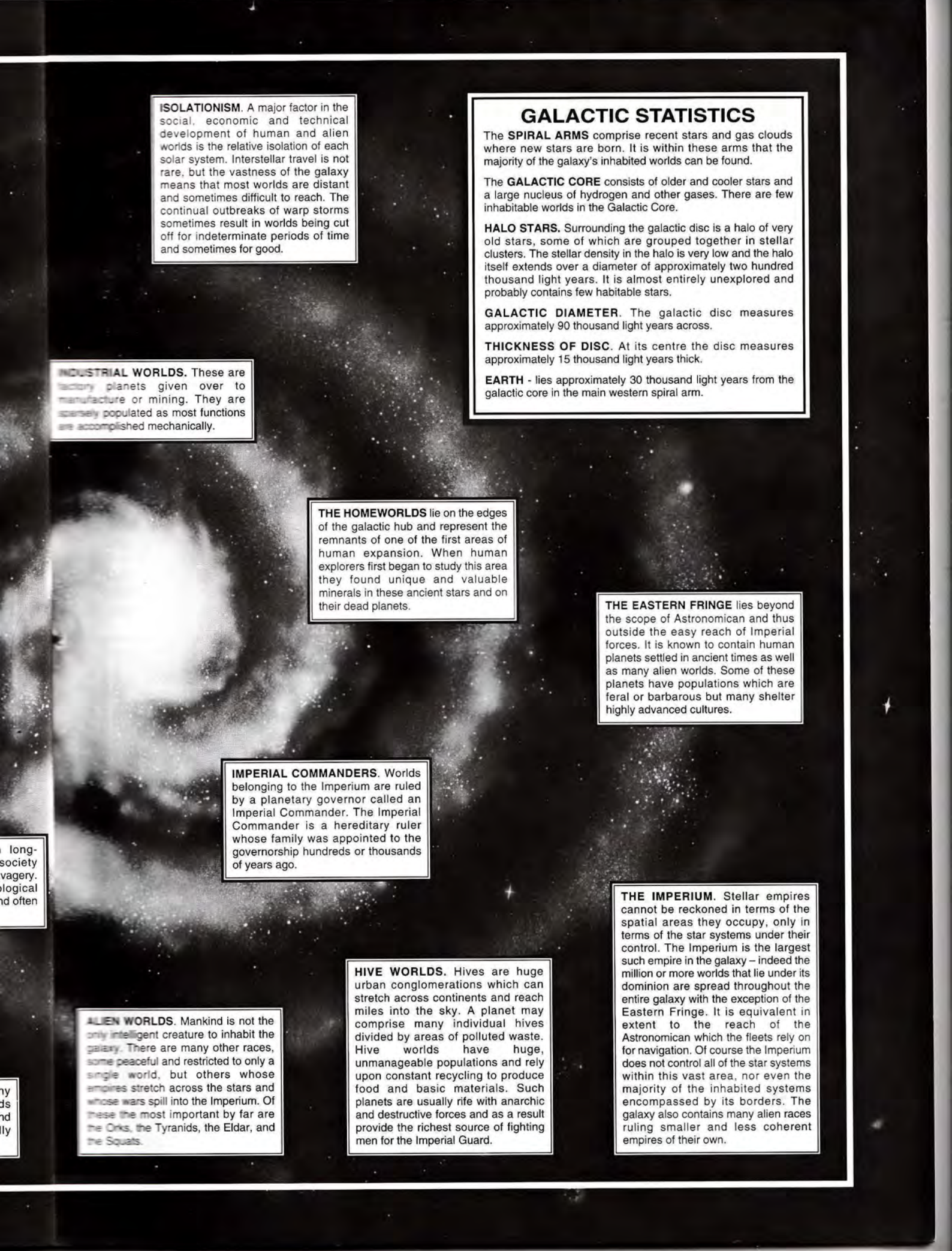
AGRICULTURAL WORLDS. Many planets are little more than farming planets where most of the world's surface is given over to producing food. The food they produce is shipped to the hungry hive worlds and the technological materials they require are imported in return.

FERAL PLANETS contain long-isolated populations where society has declined into complete savagery. Feral planets have a technological basis which is sub-medieval and often stone age.

WILDERNESS SPACE. Most of the stars in the galaxy remain unexplored. Whole areas of the galaxy are embroiled within warp storms and are therefore inaccessible from other areas. Other stars are simply remote and await mapping and codification by the Imperial exploration teams. These zones are known as wilderness space or wilderness zones. As warp storms abate, old wilderness areas are explored, uncovering ancient human settlements as well as alien races and empires.

DEATHWORLDS are planets which are simply too dangerous to support human settlements. They vary a great deal in type. Typical worlds may be world-wide jungles which harbour man-eating plants and carnivorous animals, or barren rockscapes strewn with volcanoes and wracked by nuclear storms.

MEDIEVAL WORLDS. Many re-discovered human worlds have regressed to a social and technological status usually described as medieval.



ISOLATIONISM. A major factor in the social, economic and technical development of human and alien worlds is the relative isolation of each solar system. Interstellar travel is not rare, but the vastness of the galaxy means that most worlds are distant and sometimes difficult to reach. The continual outbreaks of warp storms sometimes result in worlds being cut off for indeterminate periods of time and sometimes for good.

INDUSTRIAL WORLDS. These are factory planets given over to manufacture or mining. They are sparsely populated as most functions are accomplished mechanically.

THE HOMEWORLDS lie on the edges of the galactic hub and represent the remnants of one of the first areas of human expansion. When human explorers first began to study this area they found unique and valuable minerals in these ancient stars and on their dead planets.

IMPERIAL COMMANDERS. Worlds belonging to the Imperium are ruled by a planetary governor called an Imperial Commander. The Imperial Commander is a hereditary ruler whose family was appointed to the governorship hundreds or thousands of years ago.

ALIEN WORLDS. Mankind is not the only intelligent creature to inhabit the galaxy. There are many other races, some peaceful and restricted to only a single world, but others whose empires stretch across the stars and whose wars spill into the Imperium. Of these the most important by far are the Orks, the Tyranids, the Eldar, and the Squats.

HIVE WORLDS. Hives are huge urban conglomerations which can stretch across continents and reach miles into the sky. A planet may comprise many individual hives divided by areas of polluted waste. Hive worlds have huge, unmanageable populations and rely upon constant recycling to produce food and basic materials. Such planets are usually rife with anarchic and destructive forces and as a result provide the richest source of fighting men for the Imperial Guard.

GALACTIC STATISTICS

The **SPIRAL ARMS** comprise recent stars and gas clouds where new stars are born. It is within these arms that the majority of the galaxy's inhabited worlds can be found.

The **GALACTIC CORE** consists of older and cooler stars and a large nucleus of hydrogen and other gases. There are few inhabitable worlds in the Galactic Core.

HALO STARS. Surrounding the galactic disc is a halo of very old stars, some of which are grouped together in stellar clusters. The stellar density in the halo is very low and the halo itself extends over a diameter of approximately two hundred thousand light years. It is almost entirely unexplored and probably contains few habitable stars.

GALACTIC DIAMETER. The galactic disc measures approximately 90 thousand light years across.

THICKNESS OF DISC. At its centre the disc measures approximately 15 thousand light years thick.

EARTH - lies approximately 30 thousand light years from the galactic core in the main western spiral arm.

THE EASTERN FRINGE lies beyond the scope of Astronomican and thus outside the easy reach of Imperial forces. It is known to contain human planets settled in ancient times as well as many alien worlds. Some of these planets have populations which are feral or barbarous but many shelter highly advanced cultures.

THE IMPERIUM. Stellar empires cannot be reckoned in terms of the spatial areas they occupy, only in terms of the star systems under their control. The Imperium is the largest such empire in the galaxy - indeed the million or more worlds that lie under its dominion are spread throughout the entire galaxy with the exception of the Eastern Fringe. It is equivalent in extent to the reach of the Astronomican which the fleets rely on for navigation. Of course the Imperium does not control all of the star systems within this vast area, nor even the majority of the inhabited systems encompassed by its borders. The galaxy also contains many alien races ruling smaller and less coherent empires of their own.

THE IMPERIUM



Since the first man stepped out into the cold of space four hundred centuries have passed. Forty thousand years. An age so long that almost its entire history lies shrouded in legend. Who knows how mankind came to be scattered across a million disparate worlds? Who remembers the wars that split the Earth asunder and dragged humanity down to the level of brute beasts? Who would recognise the names of Earth's ancient ruins, of nations destroyed and peoples long since crumbled to dust? To these questions there can be no answers. The questions themselves died upon the lips of men tens of thousands of years past. From those times come only whispers of horror and death, of the Dark Age of Technology, the Realm of Night, of the Empire of Blood, and the terrible long centuries of the Age of Strife.

Today is the time of the Beneficent Emperor, the Age of the Imperium of Mankind. It is an age of war already ten thousand years old. In this war mere survival is justly hailed as victory. Defeat can only lead to the irrevocable end of humanity and to the destruction of the very fabric of the universe. It is a war waged across the galaxy in the darkness of space, on a million worlds, and within the depths of every human soul. There can be no conceivable end. No peace except perhaps in oblivion.

Everywhere the enemies of humanity gather their strength and prepare for the apocalypse. Warlike Orks descend upon world after world, plundering and destroying, leaving death and

destruction in their wake. The implacable Tyranids sweep through the galaxy like a plague of locusts, laying bare whole planets and moving ever onwards. Yet even these foes are as nothing beside the unknowable horrors that lie beyond the veil of the material universe. From the shifting seas of warp space come horrific creatures. Entities whose bodies are fashioned not of flesh and blood but of unadulterated power, whose food and drink is the terror and ignorance of man. Creatures that draw hatred and greed for breath and which will not rest whilst a single man lives: Daemons. Entities fashioned by the minds of men in the shadow of warp space. Against such foes there can be no hope of a final victory.

THE IMPERIUM

Over one hundred centuries ago the Great and Beneficent Emperor of Mankind ascended to the Golden Throne of Earth. Not even the ancient records of the Historitors of the Adeptus Administratum tell how the Emperor came to rule over the Imperium. Legends hint darkly at the terrible wars of the Horus Heresy, of the battles that raged across the galaxy, and of the final victory of the Emperor over the Daemon Horus and the forces of Chaos. The truth lies buried under millennia of superstition, submerged beneath centuries of myth, and perhaps locked behind adamant doors sealed with ancient runes of power. The only man who might remember those far-off days is the Emperor, and none can guess what thoughts revolve inside his carrion skull.



Ten thousand years ago the Emperor lived and breathed as a mortal man, but his physical life has long since ended, crushed out of him by Horus the Great Enemy, in the final Battle for Earth. Today, as for the last one hundred centuries, the

When the people forget their duty they are no longer human and become something less than beasts. They have no place in the bosom of humanity nor in the heart of the Emperor. Let them die and be forgotten.

from Prime Edicts of the Holy Synod
of the Adeptus Ministrorum

Emperor lives only by the immeasurable force of his supreme will. His broken and decayed body is preserved by the stasis fields and psi-fusion reactors of the Golden Throne. His great mind endures inside a rotting carcass, kept alive by the mysteries of ancient technology. His immense psychic powers reach out from the Golden Throne, enveloping and protecting mankind across the entire galaxy. His consciousness wanders through warp space, warring against the daemons that inhabit it, keeping closed the doors between this world and the next.

If the Emperor should fail then the daemons of Chaos will flood into the galaxy. Every living human will become a gateway for the destruction of mankind. Finally, the galaxy itself will be submerged by the stuff of warp space, and all physical life will end. There would be no physical matter. No space. No time. Only Chaos.

THE ADEPTUS TERRA

The Emperor has not spoken nor moved since his incarceration in the arcane mechanism of the Golden Throne. His material body is to all intents dead and his psychic mind is wholly preoccupied within warp space fighting the eternal battle for the preservation of mankind. All that is left of the Emperor is a consciousness divorced from the material world, a mind incapable of ordinary communication with his billions of devoted servants.

The Imperium is ruled in the Emperor's name by the incalculably vast Adeptus Terra, the ancient Priesthood of Earth, whose masters are the High Lords of Terra. The Adeptus Terra numbers billions upon billions of individuals

on Earth alone. Its offices span the galaxy and its powers extend to every human world. No man is free from its influence or from the strictures of its rule. The Emperor has become a god in whose name the High Lords of Terra rule the Imperium. Superstition and dogma have become the rituals of worship.



The Adeptus Terra is a huge and multi-faceted organisation. It is divided and subdivided into countless subordinate organisations, millions of offices each with awesome powers. Indeed, the Adeptus Terra is so vast that no-one can say with certainty how many divisions work under its banner, or what their purpose may be. Ten thousand years of endeavour has built an edifice which reaches into the heart of human society. Information is gathered; facts are accumulated; taxes are levied. Like an ancient and ponderous clock, the wheels of bureaucracy grind slowly forward, carried by their own momentum, without thought or consideration. Only a very few of the most important of these vast organisations are described here – there are many more and it is doubtful if anyone knows the full extent of the power of the Priesthood of Earth.



It is ten thousand years since the Emperor gave his life battling to save the Earth from the Warmaster during the last terrifying days of the Horus Heresy. The Emperor's mortal life ended at the moment of Horus' own destruction, yet he did not die. The Emperor's body was put into stasis at the point of death, and though his physical form was crushed and maimed his spirit did not falter. A vast machine was built to sustain him, a device constructed with the long forbidden secrets of ancient technology and arcane lore: the Golden Throne. Its vast structure sustains the Emperor's spirit which watches over and guides humanity from the warp, whilst at the same time battling against the horrific psychic entities which threaten mankind's destruction.

Though every day the arcane machines consume many thousands of sacrificial psykers, the ultimate suffering is that of the Emperor himself. For his agonies can never cease. He must endure an endless battle and can never be free of the burden that fate has placed upon his failing spirit. Without him there is nothing.

THE IMPERIUM

The **ADEPTUS MECHANICUS** or Tech-Priests are the guardians of Earth's ancient knowledge. The Adeptus Mechanicus owns and administrates the factory planet Mars, whose vast orbital workshops turn out the majority of the weapons, spacecraft and other technologically sophisticated machinery used in the Imperium. The Adeptus Mechanicus is as much an arcane cult as a scientific body, and its knowledge goes beyond mere technology into the realms of techno-arcana.

The **ADMINISTRATUM** is responsible for assessing and levying tithes, distributing Imperial resources, and countless other administrative functions. It is the largest of all the departments of the Adeptus Terra. Its members are for the most part scribes and petty officials, the hereditary slaves of a galaxy-spanning bureaucracy. The heart of the organisation lies within the Emperor's Palace, a vast complex whose soaring gothic towers cover much of the Earth's surface, and whose cavernous vaults extend far below ground. The Administratum is probably the most powerful organisation in the entire Imperium. It is divided into many departments, offices and subordinate organisations.

The **ADEPTUS TERRA** is also known as the Priesthood of Earth, or more simply as the Adeptus. It consists of many millions of dedicated servants and religious followers whose duty is to interpret and enforce the Imperial will. It is the Adeptus which actually controls the Imperium, including its armies and fleets. The Adeptus Terra is divided into many departments and sub-departments, some of which operate so secretly that their existence is unknown outside of their own membership – only the principal departments are shown here.

ADEPTUS MINISTORUM. To countless billions the Emperor is nothing less than a god to whom they devote their entire lives. Over the aeons this faith has spawned a vast and powerful organisation devoted to his worship – the Adeptus Ministorum, more often known as the Ecclesiarchy, after its chief high priest, the Ecclesiarch. The Adeptus Ministorum is a very powerful organisation with its own crusading armies in the form of the Adeptus Sororitas and Frateris.

ADEPTUS CUSTODES. The Emperor's Guard or Custodians are the palace guards of the Emperor, and their duty is to protect the Imperial Palace. As the Imperial Palace covers such a large area of the planet the Custodians act as a defensive army. Only a select inner corps of three hundred, called the Companions, actually serve the Emperor as personal bodyguards.

ADEPTUS ASTRA TELEPATHICA. The job of the Adeptus Astra Telepathica is to recruit and train psykers for service throughout the Adeptus Terra. The organisation's most important role is to train Astropaths. The title of Astropath is an abbreviation of Astro-telepath – it refers to a psyker capable of sending a telepathic message over interstellar distances. The vast distance between the stars means that technological forms of communication are useless. A psychic message sent though the warp is not necessarily instantaneous, but it is sufficiently quick to be a practical means of communication. Only Astropaths have the power to send and receive psychic messages over interstellar distances.

The **ADEPTUS ASTARTES** are otherwise known as the Space Marines. The warrior Chapters of the Adeptus Astartes are comprised of genetically adapted, surgically altered, psychologically conditioned super-humans. There are many different Chapters of Space Marines based throughout the Imperium. They are humanity's greatest warriors and their deployment is reserved for the most deadly of enemies.

OFFICIO ASSASSINORUM. The Office of Assassins is an important tool of Imperial government. If planetary governors prove rebellious, assassination may be the most practical remedy. Even the ranks of the Adeptus Terra are not safe from the attentions of the Assassins.

ADEPTUS ASTRONOMICA. The Astronomican is the psychic homing beacon which enables Navigators to steer their ships through the warp. It is essential for long distance space travel – without it the Imperium could not exist and mankind would quickly fall victim to the myriad perils that threaten its survival. The raw psychic power behind the Astronomican is provided by a choir of ten thousand psykers.

The **ADEPTUS ARBITES** is empowered to enforce Law in the Imperium. It is a galactic police force, but armed and equipped as a military force. Its troops, known as Arbitrators and Judges, are the fighting elite of the Adeptus: a core of fanatically loyal warriors devoted to the enforcement of government. If the Imperial Governor of a planet is late with his tithes, or sends too little, or if he is tardy in enforcing an Imperial decree, the Adeptus Arbitres may be directed to honour him with a visit. The Judges are equipped to wage a minor war, but their main objective is to maintain order.

The **HIGH LORDS OF TERRA** is a governing body of twelve of the most powerful leaders of the organisations described here. They are the twelve most powerful men in the galaxy, and it is they who rule the Imperium in the Emperor's name.

PLANETARY GOVERNMENT With the exception of those worlds controlled directly by the Adeptus, the Ministorum, and the Space Marines, the worlds of the Imperium are governed by local rulers who hold nominal membership of the Adeptus Terra with the title of Imperial Commander. Their role and responsibilities may be likened to medieval feudal lords: they must provide troops for service in the Imperial Guard, they must maintain order over the domain, they must carry out the Imperial decrees that are imposed upon them, and they must pay the tithes levied on them by the Administratum. Apart from feudal duties, planetary government is a matter for individual rulers; the Adeptus does not interfere with the government of planets so long as all remains well.

The **INQUISITION** is a secretive organisation whose members are bound by no Imperial law or authority except their own. The only duty of the Inquisition is the protection of humanity. The organisation is empowered to investigate any possible or potential threat to the future of humanity, and to take whatever measures it considers appropriate to expose and destroy that threat. Aggressive aliens, serious genetic deviation, political corruption, the machinations of planetary governors, incompetence, treason and heresy are threats enough to keep the Inquisition permanently occupied.

The **IMPERIAL GUARD** is divided into many armies stationed throughout the Imperium in order to protect it from alien invasion and internal rebellion. The Guard is the main fighting force of the Imperium, far outnumbering the more specialised Space Marines.

The **IMPERIAL FLEET** is a vital factor in the maintenance of the Imperium; without it human worlds would be isolated from each other and from the protection of the Imperium. All shipping within the Imperium, apart from the few ships belonging to the Space Marine and Adeptus organisations, falls under the jurisdiction of the Fleet.



THE EMPEROR

HIGH LORDS OF TERRA

INQUISITION

**ADEPTUS
MINISTORUM**

ADEPTUS TERRA

**ORDO
MALLEUS**

**ADEPTUS
ARBITES**

**ADEPTUS
ASTRONOMICA**

**ADEPTUS
SORORITAS**

**ADEPTUS
MECHANICUS**

**ADEPTUS
CUSTODES**

**ADEPTUS
ASTRA
TELEPATHICA**

**TITAN
LEGIONS**

**OFFICIO
ASSASSINORUM**

**ADEPTUS
ADMINISTRATUM**

**GREY
KNIGHTS**

NAVIGATORS

**ADEPTUS
ASTARTES
SPACE
MARINE
CHAPTERS**

**IMPERIAL
GUARD**

**PLANETARY
LORDS**

**IMPERIAL
FLEET**

THE HIGH LORDS OF TERRA

The Imperial organisations are so huge and so very complex that it would be impossible to describe them in any detail within this volume. Not even the Curators of the Estate Imperium, the million-strong records office of the Administratum, can list all the departments of the Adeptus Terra, let alone give details of their composition or purpose. The descriptions that follow therefore only concentrate on the vital aspects of the most important organisations. In particular, this volume is concerned with the fighting warriors of the Emperor's armies and not with the petty details of Imperial bureaucracy. However, it would be inappropriate to examine any of these powerful fighting organisations without at least a cursory look at the mighty High Lords of Terra themselves.

The High Lords are the twelve most powerful men in the galaxy. They rule the Imperium in the Emperor's name, and it is they who send the Imperium's fleets to war and who direct the Imperium's inexhaustible armies. Their task is to interpret and enact the Emperor's will, relying upon His potent mind to guide their thoughts and inspire their actions.

Each of the High Lords is leader of one of the most powerful organisations in the Imperium. A complex web of political skulduggery, promises of support, and considerations of mutual interests, binds them together and determines who will hold office and who will not. In practice, some of the Imperium's organisations are so powerful that it would be unthinkable for their leader not to be a High Lord. Over the

millennia different organisations have provided High Lords depending upon which was the most powerful at the time. Ruthless ambition and rivalry characterises all of these great men, and their organisations vie against each other for portions of the Imperial power. The following offices are almost invariably represented as High Lords because they are the cornerstones of the Imperium, the most important of its ancient institutions.



The Master of the Administratum
 The Inquisitorial Representative
 The Ecclesiarch of the Adeptus Ministorum
 The Fabricator General of the Adeptus Mechanicus
 The Grand Provost Marshal of the Adeptus Arbites
 The Paternoval Envoy of the Navigators
 The Master of the Astronomican
 The Grand Master of the Officio Assassinorum
 The Master of the Adeptus Astra Telepathica

These nine posts are virtually sacrosanct. Should they become empty due to death or retirement, it is usual for the successor to the title to become High Lord. The position of Inquisitorial Representative is not held by any specific Inquisitor, but the seat is retained for whichever individual is sent on behalf of the Inquisition. Similarly, the place of the Paternoval Envoy is open to whoever might be the Envoy of the Paternova of the current ruling family of Navigators. The remaining three posts are most likely to be filled from amongst the following mighty officials:

Lord Commander of the Segmentum Solar
 Lord Commander Militant of the Imperial Guard
 Cardinal(s) of the Holy Synod of Terra
 The Abbess Sanctorum of the Adepta Sororitas
 Captain-General of the Adeptus Custodes
 Chancellor of the Estate Imperium
 The Speaker for the Chartist Captains

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SPACE MARINES

The Legions of Adeptus Astartes are more commonly known as the Space Marines – the most powerful and the most dreaded of all human warriors. In some respects they are not really human at all but superhuman – superior in almost every way to an ordinary man.

Compared to humanity's teeming billions there are very few Space Marines indeed. They are far too few to form the sole fighting forces of the Imperium. The Space Marines are the Imperium's elite fighting troops, a core of highly mobile shock troops trained to fight on land and in space. On the battlefield they are expected to take part in the most dangerous and important attacks, and to hold their positions no matter how hopeless the situation.



Space Marines are entrusted with all sorts of dangerous missions, such as lightning raids behind enemy lines, infiltration attacks to capture vital positions, and tunnel fights in enemy-held cities. They also undertake long voyages of planetary exploration and conquest on behalf of the Imperium, ear-marking planets which are too well defended so that they can be attacked later with the support of the Imperial Guard.

CHAPTERS

Space Marines are organised into small independent armies called Chapters. Each Chapter has its own ships, its own uniforms, and its own distinct identity and traditions. Most Chapters operate from a world owned by the Chapter, known as the Chapter Planet. Chapter Planets are part of the Imperium, but they are ruled by the Space Marine Chapter that has its base there. Some Chapters are not based on a planet at all: their base of operations can be a vast space fleet, an orbital asteroid, or a giant space station.

All the Space Marines in a Chapter belong to its warrior cult. In many cases the warrior cults of the Space Marines preserve traditions and practices older even than the accepted ritual of the Ecclesiarchy. The details of these practices are rumoured to be barbaric and darkly sinister. Space Marines belonging to a Chapter are therefore spiritual brothers as well as brothers at arms. This dual role as physical and spiritual warriors is very important, and it is what makes the Space Marines such dedicated warriors.

ORIGINS

The Space Marines were created at the very dawn of Imperial history, approximately ten thousand years before the present day. Some of the Chapters can trace their history back to that time. These are the Chapters of the First Founding, created by the scientists of the Emperor to take part in the Great Crusade. Since that time many other Space Marine Chapters have been created, the most recent being those of the Twenty-Sixth Founding. The chart below lists the original twenty Chapters and their original leaders (Primarchs) and uniform colours. Many of these Chapters took part in the rebellion known as the Horus Heresy and were subsequently destroyed or exiled.

THE FIRST FOUNDING

This chart shows the original number designations, names, Primarchs, and unit colours of the first twenty Space Marine Chapters. Those indicated with an asterix rebelled during the Horus Heresy and are no longer part of the Imperial Forces (some have survived as Chaos Renegades in the infernal regions of the Eye of Terror). The names and histories of Chapters 2 and 11 were deleted from Imperial records following the Horus Heresy. The name of Chapter 16, the Lunar Wolves, was changed to Sons of Horus prior to the Horus Heresy, and subsequently to the Black Legion, under which name it now serves the forces of Chaos.

FOUNDING CHAPTERS

Number	Name	Founding Primarch	Colour
1	Dark Angels	Lion El'Jonson	Dark Green
2	Deleted from Imperial records		
3*	Emperors Children	Fulgrim	Purple
4*	Iron Warriors	Perturabo	White
5	White Scars	Jaghatai Khan	White
6	Space Wolves	Leman Russ	Grey
7	Imperial Fists	Rogal Dorn	Yellow/Gold
8*	Night Lords	Night Haunter	Dark Blue
9	Blood Angels	Sanguinius	Red
10	Iron Hands	Ferrus Manus	Black
11	Deleted from Imperial records		
12*	World Eaters	Angron	Black
13	Ultramarines	Roboute Guilliman	Blue
14*	Death Guard	Mortarion	White
15*	Thousand Sons	Magnus the Red	Red
16*	Lunar Wolves	Horus	Black
17*	Word Bearers	Lorgar	Red
18	Salamanders	Vulkan	Dark Green
19	Raven Guard	Corax	Black
20*	Alpha Legion	Alpharius	Blue

* Chapters that turned to Chaos during the Horus Heresy

CHAPTER ORGANISATION

There are approximately a thousand Chapters of Space Marines at the current time. The Chapters are distributed fairly evenly throughout the galaxy, some outside the confines of the Imperium, most concentrated around areas occupied by Orks or other dangerous races. At any one time approximately half the Marine Chapters are engaged on exploratory missions, seeking out new worlds to conquer and hounding hostile aliens to extinction.

The Master of each Space Marine Chapter is its leader and spiritual head. A Space Marine Master not only leads his troops in battle, but he also has to act as the figurehead for the whole Chapter. As some Chapters rule entire planets, a Space Marine Master may act as the head of government as well – effectively as the Imperial Commander of a whole planet.

A Space Marine Chapter includes a substantial organisation designed to provide everything needed by the Space Marine fighting units. This includes armouries and weapon shops, space fleet and vehicle construction and maintenance sites, research laboratories, information repositories, communication offices and cult chapels. These organisations employ many more individuals than the fighting units, but only a small proportion are actually Space Marines. The majority are hereditary slaves of the Chapter. These slaves are born to serve the Chapter. They are well treated, receive a fine education, and fulfil a vital role within the Chapter. Slaves regard themselves as part of the Chapter, and their loyalty is beyond doubt.

FIGHTING UNITS

The organisation of the fighting units of Space Marines was laid down by the High Lords of Terra following the reformation of the Space Marine Chapters after the Horus Heresy. The rules governing Space Marine organisation and numbers are called the Codex Astartes.

Although not drawn up until the Emperor's incarceration, the Codex Astartes is commonly taken as his work. During the ten thousand years since the original Codex Astartes, many Chapters have introduced their own variations. In some cases



their organisation and equipment differs completely from the rigid dictates of the Codex Astartes. However, in most cases today's Space Marines follow the broad organisational rules laid down ten thousand years ago. A few Chapters regard the Codex Astartes as a holy text, and stick rigidly to its contents, regarding any deviation as tantamount to heresy. The organisation given below is that of the Codex Astartes, and it may be regarded as the normal organisational pattern of Space Marines.

Space Marines are divided into companies, the exact number of which varies from Chapter to Chapter but is typically ten. A company is led by a Space Marine Captain. There are ten squads to a company, and each squad consists of nine Space Marines plus a Space Marine Sergeant.

The First Company is made up from the oldest and most battle-hardened Space Marines. It is the senior and most respected company, and its members use Terminator armour as well as other Space Marine equipment.

The Tenth Company forms a training company. Its sergeants are older veterans but its fighting Space Marines are the Chapter's least experienced warriors. After a period in the training company Space Marines are allotted to other companies to replace battle casualties.

Individual Space Marines are trained to use all equipment, but in battle each squad is equipped in one of three ways: as a Devastator squad, an Assault squad, or a Tactical squad. Devastator squads use a high proportion of heavy weapons; Assault squads carry close combat weapons; Tactical squads are used in a general combat role.

THE DARK ANGELS

Of the Battle Brothers of the Dark Angels history cannot speak, for there are no records of the Dark Chapter's beginnings, of their part in the Great Crusade, or of their deeds during the terrible wars of the Horus Heresy. Only the legend persists – the legend that once the Dark Angels teetered upon the brink of Chaos, that foul betrayal besmirched the Chapter's valour and made vain all acts of former virtue. Yet they returned to the fold of the Emperor's love and tore themselves from the very bosom of temptation. Perhaps they sought the Emperor's pardon too late, for ever since they have born the Mark of the Unforgiven. Can ten thousand years of purgatory absolve those to whom every battle is redemption? Can it be the lost souls of the slain that clamour for the absolution that victory brings?

THE PHYSIQUE OF A SPACE MARINE

A Space Marine begins his training when he is little more than a boy. At the same time a series of genetically tailored organs are carefully implanted into his body. These act upon the body's natural chemistry in conjunction with hypnotherapy and physical training. For example, the implantation of a small organ called the Biscopea greatly accentuates the effect of hormones controlling muscle growth, and as a result Space Marines grow to be tremendously strong.

All Space Marine implants work in conjunction with the body tissues to stimulate natural powers or to create

powers which are wholly new. These implants will not work in a fully grown adult, they rely on the body's natural growth process to incorporate them into the Space Marine's physiology.

Organ implantation goes hand-in-hand with a harsh routine of physical and spiritual training. This is achieved by means of hypnotic suggestion, prolonged meditation, vigorous spiritual tests, and gradual initiation into the cult rites of the Chapter. All of these processes serve to harden the Marine's mental powers and sharpen his instinctual senses.



Secondary Heart. Space Marines have two hearts: their natural heart and a second one situated on the right side of their chest. The second heart grows from an implanted germ cell.

Ossmodula. The bone strengthener. This small implant made into the lower part of the brain affects bone growth. Space Marines have tremendously strong bones and their rib cage is fused into a solid protective shell.

Neuroglottis. By chewing, tasting or smelling a substance a Space Marine can test it for toxicity and nutritive content. The organ also allows the Space Marine to identify subtle odours in the same way as a tracker dog.

Haemastamen. The blood maker. Space Marine blood is very brightly red and far more efficient than ordinary human blood.

Larramans Organ. The healer. When a Space Marine is wounded the blood forms an instant layer of scar tissue, staunching blood flow and protecting the wound. This organ is responsible for producing the special blood cells called Larraman cells which make this possible.

Catalepsean Node. Space Marines can rest half of their brain at once, and thus stay awake for days at a time. The Catalepsean Node which makes this possible is implanted into the brain where it controls circadian rhythms of sleep and the response to sleep deprivation.

Preomnor. Space Marines have a second or pre-stomach which allows them to eat otherwise poisonous or indigestible materials. Deadly poisons are either neutralised or isolated from the digestive tract.

Omophagea. Space Marines can gain part of a person or creature's memory by eating its flesh. This special organ is implanted between the thoracic vertebrae and the stomach wall. It works by absorbing genetic material from the meal itself.

Multi-lung. Space Marines have three lungs and can close off their normal lungs in favour of the bio-engineered multi-lung. The multi-lung allows the Marine to breath poisonous atmospheres or even water.

Lymans Ear. Space Marines do not have the internal organs of the normal human ear. These are removed and replaced with the Lymans Ear. Their hearing is not only sharper, but they can filter out or enhance specific sounds. The organ also affects balance, so a Marine is unlikely to become dizzy or disoriented as a result of motion.

Sus-an Membrane. The suspended animation organ. This brain implant allows a Space Marine to enter a voluntary state of suspended animation in which he can survive for centuries if necessary.

Melanchrome. The pigment organ. A Space Marine's skin colour is photo-chromatic, and reacts almost instantly to the strength of sunlight. The melanchrome protects the skin and provides limited protection from radiation.

Oolitic Kidney. Space Marines have an extra kidney which filters any harmful substances from their blood. A Marine can enter a trance in which his hearts pump blood frantically round his body whilst the oolitic kidney purifies his blood. This emergency detoxification system enables a Space Marine to survive poisons and gases which are too powerful even for his other protective organs.

Biscopea. The muscle builder. This small organ is implanted into the chest cavity where it releases special muscle-building hormones. Space Marines are heavily muscled and very strong.

Mucranoid. The skin-sealer. This organ responds to chemical therapy causing the Space Marine to sweat a protective waxy substance which seals and protects his skin. Marines are cocooned in this way before they enter suspended animation. The process even protects them from vacuum and extremes of temperature to some extent.

Betchers Gland. The poison bite. A Space Marine can synthesise poison which he stores in this modified salivary gland. The poison is highly acidic. Not only can the Space Marine spit poison, but he can also use the corrosive acid to gradually burn away even strong metals.

Progenoids. The gene-seeds. Every Space Marine has these organs, one implanted in the neck and another in the chest. The organs respond to the presence of other implants in the body by creating germ cells corresponding to those implants. These germ cells grow and are stored in the progenoid organs. Mature progenoid organs can be removed, and new implants artificially cultured from them. This is the only way new implants can be created, so a Chapter depends upon its Space Marines to create other Space Marines.

Oculobe. Thanks to this organ Space Marines have eyesight which is far sharper than a normal man's. They can also see well in the dark.

Interface. The hardened and shell-like rib cage of the Space Marine is covered with a stiff membrane. Neurone connectors from the membrane penetrate the Space Marine's spine and connect his motor nervous system to the interface. Connectors on the interface link up to the Space Marine's power armour battle suit, or to other types of armour, equipment controls or monitors. This allows the Space Marine to control an armoured suit just as if it were his own body. It also allows the Space Marine's heart rate and other vital life-signs to be read off from a connector point on his armour.

SPECIAL MARINES

TECHMARINES

The Tech-Priests of Mars are the guardians of Earth's ancient science and every Space Marine Chapter sends a proportion of its young initiates to the Adeptus Mechanicus where the Tech-Priests induct them into the Machine Mysteries, as the sacred rites of the Adeptus Mechanicus are called. A Chapter's Techmarines take charge of its weapon manufacture and development, run its shipyards, and assume command wherever their expertise is required. They are high ranking and highly respected officers, and they may be in charge of cyborg Servitors.

LIBRARIANS

The Chapter's Librarium is its command and communications centre. Because interstellar communications are achieved by psychic means, most of the Space Marines who work in the Librarium are psykers. They are called Librarians, and are recruited from young primary psykers trained by the Adeptus Astra Telepathica. Psykers are an essential part of every fighting force because they are the only means of communicating over interstellar space. They also have potent psychic powers which can be used on the battlefield to support the conventional weaponry of ordinary Space Marines.

Librarians hold a functionary rank, describing their role as well as their position. The Lexicanian is the lowest battlefield rank, his job is to provide battlefield support as well as to prepare a report of the fighting for the Chapter's records. The Codicier also provides battlefield support, evaluates the reports of Lexicanians and provides a strategic overview of battles for the Chapter's records. The Epistolary is a more powerful Librarian, his role corresponds to that of chief



psychic communication officer. He can transmit and receive psychic messages on the battlefield. The most important of all fighting Librarians are the Chief Librarians, superior in rank and psychic power.

APOTHECARIES

A proportion of young Space Marines are trained as medical staff and they join the Apothacaron, the Chapter's hospital and biological research centre. They join fighting troops as battle medics, but their most important task is the recovery of progenoid glands from dying Space Marines. As these glands contain the germ cells which are needed to create future Space Marines, it is vital that they are saved if at all possible. The loss of valuable genetic material can seriously reduce a Chapter's fighting strength for years to come.

CHAPLAINS

The original Space Marine Chapters were founded during the Emperor's lifetime and before the emergence of the unified Imperial Cult in the form of the Ecclesiarchy. The Space Marines have never acknowledged the religious supremacy of the Ecclesiarch, but prefer to stick to their own cult beliefs and practices. Chaplains are the priests of these cults, keeping the cult secrets, and preaching its abiding principles. In battle each Company is accompanied by a Chaplain to inspire the Marines with his stirring liturgies and personal heroism.



THE BLOOD ANGELS

Upon the seed of the Blood Angels there lies the most ancient curse of mutation, a foulness that cannot be seen, which is covered over by the grace, intelligence, and high achievements which are the proud boast of this most noble of Chapters. Yet the fire that burns behind the eyes of these sons of Sanguinius is bright with a thirst which only the blood of man can slake. Aye, it would be wise to but whisper the name that comes from times heavy with age and fear, a name which echoes in the march of the Blood Angels, the name of Vampire.

THE PRIMARCHS

Over ten thousand years ago, at a time when the Earth was enmeshed in the warp storms conjured by the Chaos Gods, the Emperor made his plan to free the human race. Together with his scientists, the greatest minds of that age, he slowly unlocked the secrets of life, unravelling the energies of the warp and refashioning them to his purpose. He created twenty super-human creatures, twenty beings whose powers equalled, and in some respects exceeded, his own. The Emperor's plan was that the twenty super-beings would help him reunite human space into a single empire under his protection.



The Emperor's plan was not unknown to the Chaos Gods. They recognised in the Emperor a creature whose powers equalled their own, a being who they could not realistically expect to harm, and an implacable foe who would not rest until they were destroyed. They also recognised the twenty super-humans as a force that could make the Emperor invincible. The Chaos Gods struck whilst the foetal super-humans grew in their incubation chambers. The Emperor had placed a psychic shield around the chambers, but the Chaos Gods managed to break it down and pluck the infant super-humans from Earth, casting them adrift into warp space. Fortunately, the infants were only dispersed by this action and



not destroyed, and the twenty fell from the warp onto human worlds where they were variously adopted by human parents.

The Emperor was to spend the following decades searching for his lost creations. Eventually he found them, and after many long adventures recruited them to his service. Their role was to become the Primarchs – the founding fathers of the Space Marines. Using genetic material taken from the Primarchs, the Emperor engineered the implants that distinguish Marines from normal men. As a result, all Space Marines have powers derived from the Primarchs, although a Marine's powers, considerable as they are, are feeble compared to the super-human energies of a Primarch. The Primarchs were practically indestructible and possessed warp-enhanced strength. They could scatter whole armies or even the daemonic creatures of the warp. Some had other powers which do not survive amongst the Space Marines at all, such as flight and invisibility.

The Primarchs led the first Space Marine Chapters in the conquest of the galaxy, effectively creating the Imperium as it is known today. However, the initial influence of Chaos in their unborn lives was to leave some Primarchs with a life-long weakness, a hunger for personal power that was to lead to their downfall. It was Horus, founding Primarch of the Lunar Wolves, who was to lead the revolt known as the Horus Heresy.

During the Heresy many of the Marine Chapters joined Horus against the Emperor, and many other troops joined his side. In the terrible war that followed, Primarch fought Primarch, Marine fought Marine, and Man fought Man, as the newly conquered galaxy tore itself apart once more. The bloodiest battle of all was the final contest over the possession of Earth, when the Emperor himself saved the planet by launching a cloaked attack against Horus's battle-barge. During the Emperor's confrontation with Horus the traitor was slain, but the Emperor was wounded badly and physically incapacitated. Following the battle the Emperor retired permanently into the life-sustaining Golden Throne where he remains to this day. The followers of Horus were driven into the Eye of Terror, where the Traitor Marine Chapters established themselves as the arch-enemies of the Imperium.



Of the original twenty Primarchs only nine survived the Horus Heresy. The remainder were either killed in the fighting (like Horus) or fled with their Chapters into the Eye of Terror. The survivors helped the Emperor to rebuild the Imperium. A genetic bank was formed from their gene-material so that new Space Marine Chapters could be founded in the future. Although long lived, the Primarchs were not immortal and the last of their kind finally died after fourteen hundred years. Many extraordinary legends are told of the deeds of the Primarchs, many of which are preserved by the lore of the Marine Chapters. Today the Primarchs are worshipped alongside the Emperor as saints in the pantheon of the Chapter cults. Their tombs have become places of pilgrimage, and their bones and personal possessions revered relics.

SPACE MARINES

Space Marines are the finest human warriors of all. Genetically tailored and utterly loyal to the Emperor, the Space Marine Chapters represent mankind's greatest hope of victory in the unending wars for survival. A Space Marine is stronger and tougher than an ordinary human, with faster reflexes and superior co-ordination.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Marine	4	4	4	4	4	1	4	1	8
Champion	4	5	5	4	4	1	5	1	9
Hero	4	6	6	5	5	2	6	2	9
Mighty Hero	4	7	7	5	5	3	7	3	10

SPECIAL RULES

The following special rules apply to all Space Marines and Space Marine characters, including Scouts, Apothecaries, Chaplains, Techmarines and Librarians, but excluding Servitors.

Break tests. Space Marines are utterly dedicated warriors who are prepared to fight and die if need be. To reflect their strong morale and determination Space Marines are not subject to the normal rules for broken troops. Instead the following rules apply.

Space Marine units take Break tests as normal. However, if they fail their test they are not broken and forced to flee, like other troops, but are *shaken* instead. Shaken troops may never move towards the enemy but may shoot, fight hand-to-hand combat and use psychic powers normally. Shaken troops may move away from the enemy if you wish, but do not have to do so, and individual models may pivot on the spot to face an enemy. If surrounded and therefore unable to move without approaching an enemy, they cannot move at all except to pivot on the spot.

If shaken Space Marines are fighting in hand-to-hand combat then they may not use follow-up moves to engage other enemy models. The exception is that they may use a follow-up move to fight an enemy model which is already engaged



against another Space Marine (the loyalty of a Space Marine for his brothers outweighs his trepidation). Shaken Space Marines may use a follow-up move to get behind cover even if this means moving closer to an enemy.

Once it has become shaken a Space Marine squad may recover by taking and passing a rally test at the end of its turn. The usual conditions apply: ie the squad may not attempt to rally if it is not behind cover or if the closest friendly models are broken.

If a Space Marine squad is shaken and fails a further Break test then it is broken and forced to flee exactly like any other troops. The advantage of the Space Marines is that they can effectively fail two Break tests before they are broken, representing their steadfastness and courage in the face of death. Once broken a Space Marine squad may rally like any other unit, and if successful is restored to normal fighting condition in the same way.

Rapid Fire. If a Space Marine squad doesn't move at all and is not engaged in hand-to-hand combat then the Space Marines may use *rapid fire*. The warriors plant their feet firmly on the ground and open up with a burst of shots from their boltguns or bolt pistols. Each Space Marine may fire his storm bolter, boltgun or bolt pistol twice instead of once as normal. Rapid fire is only possible with storm bolters, boltguns and bolt pistols, not with other weapons, although some squad members may use rapid fire whilst others fire single shots (if using missile launchers, flamers or a single throw of a hand grenade for example). Rapid fire is worked out exactly like ordinary shooting except that each Space Marine fires twice rather than once.

SPACE WOLVES

What warriors of men can stand beside the Space Wolves! The Sons of Fenris they are, hardened in the forge of their harsh world, eager for battle and honour. They are the grey warriors, ashen like the wolf, whose greatest joy is to hear the clamour of steel amidst the din of war. None can step before them, they are the first, proud in their strength and jealous of their renown. Through the storms of the warp they come, upon the very tides of terror, but of such dangers they are uncaring. They are the Space Wolves, the Undefeated, the bane of the Emperor's foes.

TECHMARINE

Every Chapter sends a proportion of its young warriors to Mars where they are trained by the Tech-Priests of the Adeptus Mechanicus. If they prove able and studious they are inducted into the rites of the Machine Mysteries, the secret and mystical union of man and machine, the details of which remain the most sacred mystery of the Tech-Priests. Once he has undergone his initiation the Space Marine is no longer wholly a Space Marine, he has become a Tech-Priest and a devotee of the Cult of the Machine God. This strange duality of loyalties means that Techmarines always stand apart from other Space Marines. They are priests of the Machine God skilled in the arcane sciences, and pertinent to the dark secrets of technology.

When a Techmarine returns to his Chapter he joins his fellow Techmarines, the Chapter's corps of technicians and builders, mechanics and inventors. To their fellow Space Marines they are mysterious figures possessing disturbing skills and obscure knowledge. To undertake the manual labour of maintenance and construction, the Techmarines create cyborg Servitors, weird machine men with limbs of metal and hands formed into heavy tools.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Techmarine	4	5	5	4	4	1	5	1	9

SPECIAL RULE

A Techmarine may attempt to repair a single damaged hit location on a vehicle, a dreadnought or a destroyed support weapon, if he can reach it during his next movement phase. He can do nothing else during the turn – he cannot shoot or fight hand-to-hand combat while he is attempting a repair. At the end of the turn roll a D6.

D6 Result

- 5-6 **Repair.** The Techmarine succeeds in putting good all damage sustained in the previous turn.
- 3-4 **Possible Repair.** The damage is extensive but the situation is not hopeless. The damage is not repaired this turn, but you may carry on working for a further turn if you wish. At the end of this further turn the damage will be repaired on a roll of 4+, while a score of 3 or less indicates that the damage is beyond repair. A Techmarine may do nothing else whilst attempting a repair.
- 1-2 **Hopeless.** The Techmarine can do nothing but speak a litany for the machine's departing spirit.

SERVITORS

Servitors are created by the Techmarines as helpmates and servants. They are weird combinations of men and machines, bio-engineered by the Techmarines to perform specific tasks. Their bodies are grown from human gene-cells in vats of artificial nutrient, and although physically strong and robust their minds are blank and incapable of development or of feeling much pain. Techmarines insert bio-programs into their Servitors' brains, and replace parts of their bodies with mechanical contrivances such as huge metal claws, infra-red sensors for eyes, and whatever specialised tools are required. Servitors operate many of the war engines and other machines of war that the Techmarines make.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Servitor	4	3	4	3	4	1	4	1	7

SPECIAL RULES

Immune to Psychology. A Servitor's mind is essentially blank and only the most rudimentary instincts remain. Servitors cannot be affected by *fear* or *terror* and are immune to all psychological effects.

Crew. On the battlefield Servitors act as weapon crews. In this capacity they will operate their equipment and fight to defend it if necessary. If their weapon is destroyed they will

automatically move towards another thus forming a reserve of crew members around surviving machines. Servitors can also act as a Techmarine's bodyguard forming a unit of troops led by the Techmarine. Crew Servitors whose weapon has been destroyed may join a Techmarine's bodyguard instead of forming reserve crew for other machines.

Save. A Servitor's mechanized body is partially armoured giving him a saving throw of 5 or more on a D6.



CHAPLAINS

The first Space Marine Chapters were founded centuries before the development of the Imperial Cult and the dominion of the Adeptus Ministorum. As a result every Space Marine Chapter has its own cult practices and its own priests known as Chaplains. Whereas the Adeptus Ministorum has gradually extended its influence over all the many thousands of individual cults that once existed throughout the galaxy, it has never been able to influence the Space Marine cults, which remain as stubbornly individualistic today as they ever were. Other civilian cults are denounced as heresy, and their adherents rooted out by the Ministorum's troops, but the Space Marine Chaplains care nothing for the misguided ravings of the Ecclesiarchy and ignore the dictates of the Imperial Cult in favour of their own ancient traditions.

The Chaplains administer the rites of their Chapter, performing the ancient ceremonies of Initiation and Vindication, as well as leading their brethren through the prayers of faith and sacred psalms of the Emperor. It must not be forgotten that Space Marines are devout warriors. Their faith in the divinity of the Emperor is as vital to them as their skills at arms, and their spiritual life is deep and complex. The Chaplains accompany their brothers into war, chanting the liturgies of battle as they lead the way into the ultimate consummation of battle and death.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Champion	4	5	5	4	4	1	5	1	9
Hero	4	6	6	5	5	2	6	2	9
Mighty Hero	4	7	7	5	5	3	7	3	10

SPECIAL RULE

Leadership. Chaplains are inspirational individuals and spiritual leaders. If any Space Marine unit within 8" of a Chaplain fails any Leadership-based test (such as a psychology test or a Break test) then it may retake the test immediately.



APOTHECARY

The future of every Space Marine Chapter is wholly dependent upon the organic implants which turn a young initiate into a Space Marine warrior. Without these implants and the bio-engineering skills which are needed to use them the Chapter would soon die. Every Chapter has its own bio-researchers called Medics or Apothecaries. The lore of bio-engineering is passed down from generation to generation, and the memory banks of the Apothecarion contain records of the Chapter's genetic history. Every trace of mutant gene-seed must be expunged, every weakness removed, and only the healthy gene-seed used to propagate new Space Marines.

The source of a Chapter's gene-seed is its Space Marine brothers themselves. Every Space Marine carries a replicating organ buried deep inside his chest and another at the base of his throat. These progenoid organs absorb free DNA strands from the Space Marine's other implants and form them into germ cells. If a Space Marine dies these replicating organs can be removed and the germ cells they contain used to grow fresh implants. If a Space Marine dies in battle he can be replaced if either or both of his progenoid organs can be recovered (given a few years) but if he dies and his body is destroyed or lost then his gene-seed is lost too.

Space Marines rarely go to battle without an Apothecary. The Apothecary is a warrior of supreme might and bravery, whose role is to save what he can of the Chapter's gene-seed. If a brother warrior falls the Apothecary can administer to him by tending his wounds and applying battle dressings to staunch the flow of blood. Many Space Marines that would otherwise be unable to fight have lived to fight again thanks to the attentions of an Apothecary.

Not all the wounded can be saved: some are so badly hurt that death can be only a matter of time; others are killed instantly. The Apothecary can only calm the spirits of the dying and prepare them for death, helping them on their way with the heavy pistol carried to end the suffering of the dying. Once dead a Space Marine can live on only as gene-seed, and the Apothecary ensures that he returns to the Chapter by removing the progenoid organs from his body.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Apothecary	4	5	5	4	4	1	5	1	9

LIBRARIAN

There are many mutants amongst human society, most are dangerous and very few are tolerated within the Imperium. One of the most important are psykers, potentially both the most dangerous and the most useful of all mutants. Young Space Marine initiates are subjected to the most rigorous testing to ensure that no mutant genes enter the Chapter's gene-pool. If this were to happen the consequences would be dire, for the mutant gene could affect the Chapter's gene-seed, either destroying it or warping it in some fashion.

Over the millennia many Chapters have developed minor mutations as a result of the transmitted effects of the gene-seed. Some of these mutations have created unusual physical or mental characteristics amongst certain Space Marine Chapters. The Space Wolves, for example, develop fangs which grow longer as the Space Marine ages.

The mutations which endow humans with psychic powers are common amongst human society so that only by the righteous persecution of the Inquisition and the careful testing of the Coven Masters of the Adeptus Astra Telepathica can dangerous mutants be purged from the Imperium. Even the Space Marine worlds are not immune to genetic deviancy.

The Apothecaries of every Chapter tests its initiates' physical gene-structure whilst the psychic potential of the young candidates is examined by the Chapter's Librarians. Librarians are powerful psykers, they are responsible for all interstellar communication with the power to project their minds through warp space. They are also the adjudicators of the Chapter's psychic population, dividing psychic mutants into those whose powers are dangerous and those whose powers may be used by the Imperium. Only the most powerful of those suitable psykers can become a Space Marine Librarian.

Space Marine Librarians are trained to use their powers in battle: to unleash energy blasts, to sense the enemy's movements, and to predict the fortunes of battle. They learn how to read the Emperor's Tarot and to sense the subtle movements of daemons and other extra-real entities through warp space. A Librarian can feel the psychic shock waves that

herald the arrival of a space craft, or the turmoil that ships leave in their wake as they depart. All these powers and more make the Librarians the ultimate Warrior Mystics, endowed with abilities which set them aside from their brother Space Marines.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Lexicanium	4	4	4	4	5	1	5	1	8
Codicier	4	5	5	5	5	2	5	1	8
Epistolary	4	6	6	5	5	3	6	2	8
Chief Librarian	4	7	7	5	5	4	7	3	9



SPACE MARINE SCOUTS

As a Space Marine initiate completes his training he prepares for battle alongside his brother Space Marines. His first combat experience will be in the Space Marine Scouts, a corps of lightly armed troops whose role is to fight ahead of the main battle lines and clear the way for the Chapter's advance.

Space Marine Scouts wear lighter armour than full Space Marines and are less heavily armed. They rely upon speed and mobility to scout out enemy positions and uncover any foes who have secreted themselves in ambush. Space Marine Scouts will also set traps and ambushes for careless enemy, and they can infiltrate behind enemy lines to sabotage supply lines or blow up ammo dumps spreading confusion and panic as a result. Once he has proved himself worthy of his Chapter the Space Marine Scout is ready to join the full-blooded battle brothers as a Space Marine warrior.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Scout	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	7

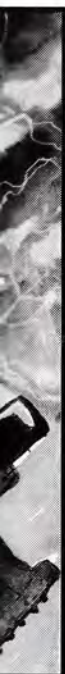
SPECIAL RULES

Infiltration. Space Marine Scouts may deploy onto the battlefield using the Infiltration rule as described in the Starting the Game section of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Dispersed Formation. Space Marine Scouts may use dispersed formation as described in the Squads section of the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.

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Men united in the purpose of the Emperor are blessed in his sight and shall live forever in his memory.

Ecclesiarch Deacis

THE IMPERIAL GUARD

The Imperial Guard is the largest and most important fighting force of the Imperium. It is divided into innumerable armies and scattered throughout the galaxy across hundreds of war zones. Its administration and provisioning occupies the entire efforts of the Departamento Munitorium, the munitions and supply department of the Administratum. Even this colossal organisation has no real idea of exactly how many troops are under arms, as the continuous toll of casualties and influx of recruits may run to millions in a single day.

The vast size of the Imperial Guard is some indication of the scale of humanity's struggle. Aliens are everywhere, rebellious humans await their chance to strike at vulnerable worlds, even supposedly loyal Imperial Commanders may be prepared to risk war in order to further their personal fortunes.

RECRUITMENT

Every planet in the Imperium has its own independent army, recruited and controlled by its Imperial Commander. These local armies are huge but they are confined to a defensive role within their home system. Apart from seeing off aliens and human bandits based on nearby worlds, these local defence forces are often involved in internal struggles on their homeworld. It is a rare planet where the Imperial Governor rules completely unchallenged! The Adeptus Terra cares little

for such petty affairs, and is quite content to let Imperial Commanders fight amongst themselves and with their subjects.

The Imperial Guard is recruited from these independent planetary forces from worlds throughout the Imperium. According to an ancient law, Imperial Commanders must provide a portion of their best troops for Imperial service.

The Departamento Munitorium supervises the recruitment of new Imperial Guard regiments. Each regiment numbers between 2,000 and 6,000 men, and is named after the planet where it was recruited. Troops regard themselves as belonging first and foremost to their regiment, which consists of their comrades from the same world, who speak the same dialect, and practise the same social customs.



Many Imperial Guard regiments are recruited from the savage urban environments of the hive worlds, planets where family or corporate-based warfare is more or less endemic. Such troops are battle-hardened long before they are recruited into the Imperial Guard, and are regarded as the best raw material for a fighting regiment. Other favourite recruiting grounds are the feral and medieval planets as these tend to have a natural warrior caste. These primitive warriors must be thoroughly trained to use modern weapons, but they are not discouraged from native practices such as head-hunting and the taking of scalps and other trophies. Similarly, the wearing of warpaint and barbarous battle-gear is regarded as perfectly acceptable because such customs serve to encourage the troops and frighten the enemy.

REGIMENTS

The galaxy is a diverse place with many strange and barbarous customs. The Imperial Guard regiments come from many different planets and their native cultures, style of dress, technological background and warrior traditions differ too. The Imperial Guard does not even try to impose uniform standards of dress or armament, preferring to exploit the unique strengths of each regiment, whatever they may be. Regiments therefore wear their native style of dress, although the issue of standard equipment and armour lead to a certain unity of appearance.

For example, the planet Attilea is renowned for the skill and courage of the warrior horsemen who rule the huge, grassy plains of their native world. When Attilean regiments are recruited into the Imperial Guard they become mounted regiments of Rough Riders. Although it may seem strange that horsemen have a place amongst the arcane technology of the Imperium, there are many worlds where these warriors prove their worth. The Attileans' ability to move rapidly and subsist from the land makes them ideal for infiltrating enemy lines and scouting ahead of advancing armies.



INITIAL DEPLOYMENT

Once a regiment has been raised it is immediately shipped to its posting. While in transit the regiment receives further training as necessary. Some hive world regiments need little or no training as they will be familiar with most of the weapons they are likely to use. Other regiments may need longer or more intensive instruction. By the time the regiment arrives at its posting it should be thoroughly trained and itching for battle.

A regiment can be posted straight into the heart of a conflict, but it will more likely be posted on a world that borders a war-zone. The addition of an Imperial Guard regiment to the planet's forces is welcomed, especially if the world is under threat from attack, as is often the case.

A regiment can also be posted to a newly conquered or liberated planet to serve as a garrison. Garrison duties are not entirely without excitement, as newly reconquered worlds will

still harbour pockets of resistance. In many instances a garrison must consolidate a planet from little more than an initial beachhead.

COMMISSARS

Guard regiments come from all across the galaxy, from worlds which are often primitive or anarchic. Until their recruitment, troopers have little notion of their true place in the great Empire of Mankind. Imperial Commissars are appointed to Imperial Guard regiments to ensure that the troopers receive the right kind of leadership.

Commissars are important leaders in the Imperial Guard because regiments are often ill-disciplined and barbaric. Many come from savage worlds where warriors respect only strength and fighting prowess. Commissars exemplify both of these characteristics and are natural commanders.



There are many ancient Imperial Guard regiments with long and glorious histories. One of the most famous is the 'Spiders', as the Necromundan 8th is commonly called. This regiment is recruited from the barbaric hive world of Necromunda and its warriors come exclusively from the Spider Clan of the Palatine Hive complex.

The Spiders are raised as warriors in the lower hab layers of the hive. Here amongst the ruins of past millennia they defend a territory where decaying water pipes, power lines and partially collapsed ventilation shafts are the currency of power. Their lives are savage and violent, and their very survival depends upon their skill at arms and determination in close combat.

The Spiders are paid and armed by the Imperial Commander of Necromunda to keep down other rebellious clans, and so, on paper at least, form part of the planet's own army. This arrangement suits the Spiders admirably and, so long as they stay in the lower parts of the hive, it suits the Imperial Commander too!

Necromunda supplies many regiments for the Imperial Guard, of which the Spiders are one of the best. At the Battle of Deucalion it was the spectacular heroism of the Spiders that enabled the Imperial Guard to hold onto its landing fields long enough to evacuate the planet. Only the Spiders and Warmaster Solon's own troops remained to hold off the overwhelming enemy forces as regiment after regiment filed into the troop transports. When the last transports landed a massive enemy barrage fell amongst the ships, destroying half of them.

Immediately and without waiting for orders the Spiders' commander Raevan Mortz advanced towards the foe. The Warmaster Solon and his troops had no choice but to take to the remaining ships, and although they waited until the last minute before taking off none of the Spiders left Deucalion that day.

IMPERIAL GUARDSMEN

The armies of the Imperial Guard are made up from millions of individual regiments which are recruited from the armed forces of worlds throughout the Imperium. The fighting ability of each regiment reflects the world and society it comes from. Some worlds breed savage gang fighters while other worlds are primitive and barbaric. Depending on the traditions of their home worlds Guardsmen may bear strange facial tattoos, ritual scars, or other testaments to their initiation as warriors. Hair, beards and personal ornamentation often owe much to native cultures, and serve to distinguish individual regiments just as much as uniform details.

Most human worlds speak a dialect of a common language, but some dialects are so extreme that it is impossible for speakers of one dialect to communicate with speakers of another. Some planets speak unique languages that evolved in the distant past. All of these factors reinforce each regiment's separate identity as men who originate from one place and who share a common, often barbaric culture.

Guardsmen have standard profiles for a human warrior, which represent the huge majority of fighting troops in the Imperial Guard. Of course, men from different worlds can sometimes have slightly different physical characteristics too, but such examples are rarely enough to affect the troops' profiles.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Guardsmen	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Champion	4	4	4	3	3	1	4	1	8
Hero	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	2	8
Mighty Hero	4	6	6	4	4	3	6	3	9



ROUGH RIDERS

Some worlds of the Imperium are primitive or have reverted to a pre-technical existence. On such worlds the horse is often the most important type of transport, and it is the case that horses are found on many worlds throughout the Imperium where they were taken by the early human settlers. Even the Imperial Guard, with its legions of machinery and fighting vehicles weighing thousands of tons each, has a place for mounted troops. These are commonly called Rough Riders.

Rough Riders can subsist off the land and are able to infiltrate behind enemy lines from where they can harass troop movements with hit and run tactics. Because they use horses rather than bikes or other vehicles they need neither fuel nor maintenance, and, unlike machines, they cannot be traced with simple scanners. Rough Riders are recruited from worlds where it is usual for warriors to fight from horseback. Regiments are sometimes deployed wholesale, especially where the terrain is unsuitable for vehicles, but it is more common to divide regiments and allocate squads to the command of other regiments, thereby spreading Rough Riders over a wide battlefield.

SPECIAL RULES

Dispersed Formation. Rough Riders can fight in a dispersed formation as defined in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook (coherency up to 4" apart).



Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Guardsmen	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Champion	4	4	4	3	3	1	4	1	8
Hero	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	2	8
Mighty Hero	4	6	6	4	4	3	6	3	9
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

HALFLING SNIPERS

Since the colonisation of space began human populations have been exposed to all kinds of extreme environmental conditions. Most long established human worlds have populations with distinctive physical traits, such as a dominant hair colour, body shape, or height. Extreme cases of physical adaption have produced mutant populations which are no longer human. Squats are the most important of these mutants and the most widespread but there are others. Some are so heinously corrupt in mind and soul that the Inquisition considers them too dangerous to live, and ruthlessly purges whole worlds for resettlement.

Amongst the broad range of tolerated mutants are Halflings, who are usually called Ratlings in the Imperial Guard, and which are also known by a variety of other names including Runtlings, Stunties, and Maggots. They are characteristically short, being smaller and slighter than Squats, and not as strong or resilient as a normal man. These qualities do not make for ideal warriors and relatively few are recruited into the Imperial Guard. However, they do have one particular expertise which is that they are remarkably good shots. This, together with their small size and ability to move stealthily through undergrowth, makes them ideal snipers.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Halfling	4	2	4	2	2	1	5	1	6
Champion	4	3	5	2	2	1	6	1	7
Hero	4	4	6	3	3	2	7	2	7
Mighty Hero	4	5	7	3	3	3	8	3	8



SPECIAL RULE

Infiltration. Halfling Snipers may deploy onto the battlefield using the Infiltration rule as described in the Starting the Game section of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

Dispersed Formation. Ratling Snipers may use dispersed formation as described in the Squads section of the Warhammer 40,000 rulebook.

OGRYNS

Just as Halflings are mutants who are small and slight so Ogryns are mutants who are tall and massive. They come from harsh often cold worlds with high gravity and little natural life. Ogryns have adapted by increasing their bodyweight to survive the cold, and their bodies have become accustomed to long periods of starvation and protracted darkness. Together with an increase in size Ogryns have undergone a steady decrease in intelligence and mental agility. Ogryns are slow witted creatures who learn only slowly, and are incapable of understanding complex concepts. They must be carefully and patiently trained before they are any use to the Imperial Guard, and even then are capable of only the more straightforward tasks.



Ogryns are almost completely without fear and are very loyal once they are befriended. They can be childlike in their desire to please their masters, and will happily undergo the most severe hardships to fulfil their orders... so long as they can remember what they were.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ogryn	6	4	3	5	5	3	4	2	8
Champion	6	5	4	5	5	3	5	2	9
Hero	6	6	5	6	6	4	6	3	9
Mighty Hero	6	7	6	6	6	5	7	6	10

SPECIAL RULE

Fear. Ogryns are large and frightening creatures that cause fear as described in the Psychology section of the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.



PENAL TROOPS

In a desperate universe justice is often harsh and instant, with little consideration given to miscreants and misfits. In the struggle for survival there is no room for individuals who transgress the rigid strictures of society. Such people face servitude for life in the Penal Legions.

The Legions are home to the killers and psychopaths, to fraudsters and cheats, and to the insane and fanatical. Pick-pockets and petty thieves rub shoulders with brutal murderers, cackling madmen, and religious zealots.

Into the Penal Legions pours the human refuse of the galaxy. Amongst them can be found mutants judged too dangerous to remain at liberty; Beastmen with their twisted half-animal bodies, muto-gene carriers, and genetic-anarchists.

The Penal Legions provide a massive and expendable source of manpower for the Imperial armies. Thrown into desperate battles to hold back surprise offensives, or cast against fortifications to test the enemy's strength, the Penal troops are disposable and they know it. Most die in their first battle, driven like cattle into the heart of the fighting. The toughest, the most dangerous, the born killers, somehow survive. For every hundred pathetic miscreants that die whimpering under the enemy guns one mad killer emerges triumphant, screaming his insane anger.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Trooper	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7

COMMISSARS



Imperial Guard regiments are recruited from worlds all over the Imperium, and many Guardsmen speak a distinctive dialect or practise strange or bizarre customs. If regiments are to communicate with the officers of high command, and function as part of a cohesive army, then they must be united in their common purpose no matter how culturally diverse individual regiments may be.

Commissars are high ranking officers who work with the regiment's commander to provide the right kind of leadership for that regiment. Regiments are often composed of savage former gang fighters who are antagonistic to authority. The regiment's commander is the senior officer amongst his own kind, and he may be just as wild and anarchic as his troops. Many regiments come from worlds where gang warfare is endemic, where natural loyalties are to friends and family rather than the higher authority of government. Such people respect strength and power, and have a natural distrust of organisation and hierarchy. The loyalty of these savage warriors cannot be simply transferred to the Emperor, it must

be earned, and this is often the first task the Commissar of a newly recruited regiment faces.

Commissars embody strength, power and bravery. They personify the ideals of loyalty to one's comrades and to the Emperor. Every regiment has at least one Commissar attached to its ranks, and many large regiments have several who remain with the regiment throughout its duties.

Commissars are guardians of the regiment's physical welfare as well as their fighting spirit. A Commissar works with the regiment's commander, and makes sure that proper discipline is enforced. Sometimes this isn't easy, and often a Commissar has to earn the respect of his regiment in battle before he is truly accepted. It is common for Commissars to fight personal combat with a regiment's commander just to prove who is the stronger. Many regiments come from worlds that are more civilised, where troopers already exemplify high levels of discipline and commitment. Such regiments do not always make the best fighting men however, and every Commissar knows that the best troops are often the hardest to keep in line.

Another role of the Commissar is to ensure that Imperial Guard recruits do not harbour the likes of Chaos Cultists, alien spies, or genetic deviants. Commissars must be eternally vigilant for the enemy within, individuals who might incite rebellion, engage in sabotage, or turn against their fellows in the midst of battle. Should a Commissar uncover such evil and dangerous creatures his duty is clear – he must protect the regiment by eradicating the insidious threat that lurks within.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Commissar	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	2	10

SPECIAL RULE

Immune to Psychology. Commissars are immune to the Psychology rules given in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook. They cannot be affected by fear, terror, etc.

THE INQUISITION

The Inquisition is often described as the left hand of the Emperor. It is a secretive organisation whose members are bound by no Imperial law or authority except their own. The sole duty of the organisation is to investigate any possible or potential threat to the future of humanity, and to take whatever measures it considers appropriate to expose and destroy that threat. Aggressive aliens, serious genetic deviation, political corruption, the machinations of planetary governors, gross incompetence, treason and heresy are threats enough to keep the Inquisition permanently occupied.

THE CONCLAVE

A portion of the Secret Order – the Inquisition's most important members – meets periodically to form a Conclave of the Inquisition whose purpose is to examine serious threats to humanity and to formulate Inquisitorial policy. Vital information is passed from the Conclaves through the Secret Order, and hence to all the Inquisition.



An obsession with secrecy dominates the structure of the Inquisition. This secrecy is a vital part of the Inquisition's role. The Inquisition, more than any other body, knows that there are countless alien races all too ready to destroy mankind. Not all are physical creatures, many have the ability to take on human appearance or to control the minds of humans. Were the Inquisition to operate more openly it would soon fall victim to the very powers it seeks to fight. Only by shrouding its leaders in a blanket of secrecy is the Inquisition safe from infiltration and destruction.

INQUISITORS

No two Inquisitors will approach a problem in quite the same way, the methods of each will depend upon his unique experience and knowledge. Most Inquisitors work on their own, travelling the Imperium incognito, watching and waiting for tell-tale signs of peril. A few work with other Inquisitors in teams known as Cells. Cells usually contain one or more members who work overtly as investigators, while the remaining members proceed covertly by infiltration. Inquisitorial Cells are purely voluntary associations whose members may have temporary or long term commitments depending on circumstances. Inquisitors prefer to form partnerships of this nature only with close friends and colleagues. They are naturally suspicious of strangers even amongst their own kind.

The majority of Inquisitors prefer to remain hidden amongst humanity, faceless agents moving unseen throughout the galaxy. Ironically, the commonly held view of Inquisitors is

founded upon the minority who practise their trade openly. These characters often dress the part, stalking the Imperium in flamboyant and distinctive masked costumes. In their wake they sometimes bring an entourage of personal assistants. Some lead small armies of privately equipped troops, others will hire or requisition troops to help them where necessary. One of the obligations of all planetary governors is to help Inquisitors who ask for their assistance, so an Inquisitor can usually count on whatever military aid he needs (although not always – sometimes it is the governor himself who is under investigation).

THE ORDO MALLEUS

The Ordo Malleus forms a secret order within the Inquisition. Their role is quite specific. The Inquisitors of the Ordo Malleus are daemon hunters. It is their duty to root out daemonic activity and combat daemonic forces in whatever form they take. Only the most mentally stalwart and physically strong of all Inquisitors are fit for this arduous job. To fight daemons hand-to-hand or to combat them in the realm of mental energy requires special powers and abilities. Most Inquisitors of the Ordo Malleus are psykers and those who are not have tremendous mental resolve.

It is of course imperative that the identities of Ordo Malleus Inquisitors are kept secret, but this is not easy to do when daemons have to be fought. When members of the Order are obliged to appear during the course of their investigations, they may adopt a uniform which hides their features. In this way their true identities remain unknown.



THE GREY KNIGHTS

The Grey Knights are probably the strangest and most mysterious of all the Chapters of the Adeptus Astartes or Space Marines. The Chapter does not involve itself with the ordinary concerns of Space Marines, such as fighting aliens and combating rebellion, but remains on standby ready to fight on behalf of the Ordo Malleus. Although the order's existence is well known its activities are cloaked in secrecy.

The Chapter was the sole creation of the mysterious Second Founding at the beginning of the 31st Millennium. It was designed to fulfil a specific function, to fight daemonic forces in close combat either in space or on the ground. Its original Space Marine brothers were genetically engineered and surgically adapted along the same lines as the original founding but also received additional bio-engineering in keeping with their specialist role. As a result they are mentally tougher than most Space Marines and many are psychic. Space Marine psykers of the Grey Knights undergo their own vigorous program of training and screening, so that they are amongst the strongest psykers of the entire race.

In effect the Grey Knights act as a military arm of the Ordo Malleus, or as a Chamber Militant within the Ordo. They are employed only in the direst need to combat a full-blown daemonic infiltration. Such occasions are rare but not unknown, and call upon the full resources of the Grey Knights. Even the Grey Knights are not always successful, in which case the Ordo Malleus can only resort to the policy of Exterminatus.

EXTERMINATUS

Such is the high level of secrecy concerning the existence of daemons that planets cleansed by the Grey Knights are usually scoured to remove all trace of human life. This is known as the Exterminatus. Even military units of the Imperial Guard that have been seconded by the Inquisition to help fight daemons are subject to this scouring. Their exposure is considered to comprise a significant risk which merits their destruction. The cost in human life is high, but the threat to all humanity is great and the cost must be reckoned in terms of racial survival.

The Exterminatus is usually waived in the case of non-Grey Knight Space Marines drafted in to help the Ordo. In fact it is very rare for the Ordo to request aid from Space Marines in this way, as Space Marines are extremely valuable troops whose fighting qualities are sorely needed in other theatres. If ordinary Space Marines are employed on behalf of the Ordo, survivors are subjected to a deep hypnotic treatment designed to eradicate their recent memories.

The process is not absolutely infallible. Sometimes a Space Marine's experiences will have driven him beyond the point of sanity, in which case death is the most merciful option. In most cases, however, this so-called mind scrubbing is totally effective, and its subject can return to his Chapter freed from the memories of any horrors he might have witnessed.



Space Marine Captain Stein looked out upon the desolation. For three days the Imperial Guard's heaviest weaponry had pounded the forests of Ymnar. Where trees had once grown in unbroken ranks now there was thick red mud and wood pulp. Scorched craters pock-marked the landscape

and massive rocks lay where exploding shells had tossed them. The ground still smoked, and Captain Stein guessed that it would be hot to the touch. He was grateful to be insulated from the heat and stench by his burdensome Terminator armour.

"Is it done?" he asked, almost to himself, "Is it really over."

"Over!" exclaimed the other man, "Lord Captain it has not yet begun."

Inquisitor Kryptman pointed to the south. His gnarled hand clicked and buzzed as prosthetic tissues and osteo-steel stretched and spun. Captain Stein caught a flash of brilliant scarlet upon the brass finger ring that adorned the bio-constructed hand. The Inquisitorial Seal.

"I see them Inquisitor," said the Space Marine Captain. His vision, though many times keener than that of an ordinary man, strained to reveal tiny movements in the distance. Gradually, as if responding to a common signal, the tortured soil moved, pushed up from below by some as yet unseen force.

"It won't be long now Captain," Kryptman warned, "I know these enemy. You can't kill them with guns and swords. Send the Confessors and the Chaplains to their station, and let every warrior prepare for the greatest battle of his life."

"Daemons..." exclaimed Stein, "may the Emperor protect us!"

Inquisitor Kryptman nodded. "Aye Captain - faith is the strongest weapon in your armoury now."

INQUISITOR

The Inquisition moves amongst mankind like an avenging shadow, striking down the enemies of humanity with uncompromising ruthlessness. What manner of man can see into the hearts of the damned? In truth there are few who can confront the secret evils of the human soul, for compassion blinds most men to the indescribable horrors of heresy and betrayal. These terrors the Inquisitor must face and overcome everyday. These evils he must root out. The corrupt must perish lest poison spread and the contagion take hold amongst the weak. To the Inquisitor there are no innocents amongst the human race. His is the endless woe of human weakness.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Inquisitor	4	6	6	4	4	2	6	2	9
Master Inquisitor	4	7	7	5	5	3	7	3	9
Inquisitor Lord	4	8	8	5	5	4	8	4	10

SPECIAL RULES

Characters. All Inquisitors are independent characters free to move and fight as individuals, or join units to lead them as described in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.

Psychology. Inquisitors are immune to all psychological effects as described in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook. They cannot be affected by *fear*, *terror*, or any other psychology rule.

Break. Inquisitors never break and automatically pass any Leadership-based tests they are required to take. They cannot be broken under any circumstances.



GREY KNIGHTS

The Grey Knights are the Knights Militant of the Ordo Malleus, the Space Marine Chapter which specialises in daemon fighting. They differ from other Space Marine Chapters in that they are tutored in the lore of daemon fighting. They are hardened to the horrors of the warp and are fearless in combat.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Grey Knights	4	5	5	4	4	1	5	1	9
Champion	4	6	6	4	4	1	6	1	10
Hero	4	7	7	5	5	2	7	2	10
Mighty Hero	4	8	8	5	5	3	8	3	10

SPECIAL RULE

Psychology. Grey Knights are immune to all psychological effects as described in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook. They cannot be affected by *fear*, *terror*, or any psychology.



ADEPTUS ARBITES

The Adeptus Arbites are the keepers of the great Book of Judgement, the legal code of the Imperium, painstakingly collated over the centuries and embodying every decree ever passed by the High Lords of Terra. As the millennia pass the Book of Judgement grows ever heavier. Indeed it has long since grown beyond the confines of a single literal volume. Its most ancient decrees are writ upon parchments of human skin, enscribed in unknown tongues by the nameless functionaries of a forgotten age.

Every day a hundred new volumes of encoded holoscript are added to its number. Volume upon leather-bound volume sits upon rows of iron shelves that fill the walls of the Hall of Judgement. Every row is home to ten thousand tomes. Shelves are stacked a hundred metres above the time-worn floor of antique marble. Upon narrow gantries and ladders crawl the tiny ant-like figures of legal assistants as they search amidst the debris of judgement.

The Hall of Judgement is the holy sanctum of the Judges, the agents of a law that is absolute and unforgiving. In the Imperium law and government are indistinguishable. Rebellion and failure are crimes, and any transgression of the Imperial will meets with swift and uncompromising retribution. Of the personal misdemeanours of the citizens of a million worlds the Judges care nothing. Such matters are for the Lords of individual worlds to deal with as they wish. The Judges concern themselves with more weighty issues. It is

their task to bring the rebellious to trial, to hunt down enemies of the Imperium, to destroy those who threaten its safety from within. To the eternal sorrow of mankind its servants stray all too often from their appointed path. Officials of the Adeptus weave plots of their own, driven by their lust for power, for wealth, or for forbidden knowledge. Many who occupy positions of authority, even the High Lords themselves, may be tempted and can fall into the arms of corruption.



The Judges command their own forces of retribution, massive armies spread throughout the galaxy and ever vigilant to answer the call for justice. The Judges can also call upon the full resources of the Imperium, adding their own strength to the immeasurable might of the Imperium's armies and fleets. Often it is the Judges who find themselves fighting the first flames of rebellion, while mobile Space Marine forces rush to support them. The very presence of the Arbitrators is the greatest deterrent to treachery.

The fighting forces of the Adeptus Arbites are the Arbitrators, warriors of justice, the militant arm of the Judges. These warriors are many and well armed, capable of fighting a limited war if need be, and of transporting themselves through space in their own ships. For the Judges trust no-one they may be called upon to judge, and can find themselves fighting rebellious Warmasters of the Imperial Guard, or chasing treacherous Admirals of the Fleet. More often it is traitors amongst the planetary lords who are the Arbitrators' foes.

The Arbitrators belong to a complex organisation – an army divided into many ranks and specialised roles. Its individual Precincts stretch across the galaxy. On many worlds the Arbitrators' fortified Courthouse is the only point of contact between that planet and the Imperium. Each Precinct is the base for an army, complete unto itself, led by Marshals of Court, and supported by an array of highly trained warriors of justice. Patrol groups prowl the underways of city hives, shock troops break up the vicious queue wars which develop outside governmental buildings, execution teams hound the guilty through barren wastes and labyrinthine tunnels, and detectives sift the holo-records, tracking cyber-criminals through the computer matrix of the Administratum.



Claims of innocence mean nothing; they serve only to prove a foolish lack of caution.

Judge Traggat, *Selected Sayings*,
Vol. III, Chapter IV.

JUDGES

Judges are a feared sight in the Imperium, for they are relentless in their pursuit of retribution. Their attire echoes the flowing robes of a more ancient time and marks them out as the mighty lords of justice that they are.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Judge	4	7	7	5	5	3	7	3	9

We determine the guilty. We decide the punishment.

Codex Arbitres – the Commandments of Justice.

ARBITRATORS

The Arbitrators are the militant arm of the Adeptus Arbitres, the Warriors of Justice, who form the awesome judicial armies of the High Lords of Terra.

Arbitrators are well-armed and fanatically loyal to their cause. They wear a dark uniform and the sinister reflective visor of their helmet hides its wearer's penetrating gaze.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Arbitrator	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Champion	4	4	4	3	3	1	4	1	8
Hero	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	2	8
Mighty Hero	4	6	6	4	4	3	6	3	9



Andrukus, Marshal of Court of the planet Sulo, was as tall, grey and unbending as the statue of Judge Traggat that stood outside the fortified Courthouse. His face betrayed no sign of recognition as he listened to the messenger of Lord Messarian of Sulo. In fact nothing about his features gave an impression of human musculature, so that he might as well have been wearing a mask.

"... my Lord Messarian protests his innocence in this matter," squealed the messenger, a short wiry individual called Ryse, "and demands immediate retraction of the accusations of the Lord Marshal Andrukus."

"Demands?" Andrukus stated coldly. "The demands of the Law come first even on Sulo."

With a gesture from their commander two tall Arbitrators took Ryse by the arms and dragged him backwards through the chamber, out past a long file of people awaiting audience, and through the massive doors of the Courthouse. Picking himself up from the dusty street, he attempted to regain what little dignity remained by brushing the dirt from his robes.

Back in the audience chamber Andrukus considered his next action. He knew that Messarian was holding back his tithes, fixing his own records to make it look as if the planet's harvests were poor and its workshops idle. Andrukus knew different. He'd seen the new recruits to Sulo's armies, he'd watched as Messarian's forces grew and his power swelled out of all proportion. Until now he'd only begun to guess at the Lord's intentions. Then he'd caught the raiders, renegades from the Famir star system, and realised that Messarian nurtured ambitions of Empire. And who would stop him? Here out on the Eastern Fringe the Imperium's grip was weakest and a rebellious commander might easily evade the Emperor's justice for a lifetime.

Andrukus knew that his entire Precinct stood ready, a hundred Arbitrators unswervingly loyal to his command. An astropathic communication had been sent to the Judges, but who knew how long it would take to mobilise fresh forces. If Messarian acted now only the Arbitrators could oppose him. The thought of such outright rebellion repelled and nauseated the Lord Marshal. Such things happened every year out on the frontier, sometimes worlds were lost for centuries or even for good. Such a thing would not happen in his Precinct. Not while there was still breath in his body.

ADEPTUS ASTRA TELEPATHICA



The Adeptus Astra Telepathica is dedicated to the recruitment and training of psykers for service throughout the Imperium. The headquarters of the organisation are on Earth, but its spaceships travel the Imperium and its offices extend over most of human space. Its chief responsibility is to train psykers to serve as Astropaths.

PSYKERS

Most humans do not have psychic powers, although it is generally accepted that all humans have at least a limited potential for psychic activity. A small but growing minority of humans develop tangible powers – these people are called psykers.

Psykers are dangerous individuals whose powers can only be tolerated when safely harnessed within the Imperial organisation. After all, the psychic universe is the universe of Chaos and therefore perilous. It is a universe inhabited by daemonic aliens that care nothing for living creatures and wish only to use and destroy humanity. All psykers, even the most powerful, offer these aliens a potential means of entering and affecting the material world.

Every world in the Imperium is bound by decree of the Administratum to control its psychic population. Persecutions or witch-hunts are an everyday part of life on most worlds. The same laws oblige rulers to set aside a levy of young and relatively promising psykers for transport to Earth by the Adeptus Astra Telepathica. It is from this levy that the Adeptus Astra Telepathica separates those who will live and serve from those who will be sacrificed to the Emperor.

ORGANISATION

The institution is divided into a teaching body and a recruiting body, called the Scholastia Psykana and the League of Blackships respectively. The two are united under the Master of the Adeptus Astra Telepathica and his advisory council.

THE LEAGUE

The League consists of a substantial fleet based throughout the Imperium. The ships travel around a huge circuit, visiting each world every hundred years or so. As the fleets approach their destination, the ruling Imperial Commander is instructed to prepare the customary levy of psykers.

Once the levy has been collected the Blackship captains make an initial evaluation of their cargo before proceeding to the next world in their circuit. When the holds are full, the Blackships turn towards Earth. It is common for Inquisitors to travel on board these ships, as this gives them a good opportunity to investigate a planet's potential for psychically-based corruption.

SCHOLASTIA PSYKANA

The Scholastia Psykana is a vast teaching institution dedicated to the training of psychics. Most recruits are drawn from the psychic levy collected by the Blackships, but a minority of recruits are handed over by the Inquisition, the Judges or through other channels. The role of this institution is to teach young psychics how to develop and control their powers. The future of each psyker depends on his abilities and character.

Primary Psykers

Primary psykers is the name given to those whose powers and strength of character are sufficient to resist possession and daemonic taint under normal circumstances. Primary psykers are chosen to serve the Imperium only if they are young, intelligent and willing to learn. After five years of basic psychic training in the Scholastia Psykana they are ready to join one of the Imperial organisations in a suitable capacity. The very young may be indoctrinated into the Space Marines as Librarians, and the most talented of all may become Inquisitors or Grey Knights. Primary psykers are not invulnerable to daemons and other psychic aggressors, but their training gives them a fighting chance against all but the most potent of these creatures.

Astropaths

Astropaths are selected from the second ranking of psykers, those whose powers are considerable but inadequate to resist the dangers of possession or daemonic corruption. Like primary psykers, they must be young, vigorous and willing. Astropaths undergo basic psychic training before they assume their role of telepathic communicators throughout the Imperium. They are taught how to use the Emperor's Tarot, how to cast horoscopes, and the practices of cheiromancy and augury of all kinds. Once they have been prepared in this way they undergo the unique Soul Binding ritual which gives them a little of the Emperor's strength.

The Adeptus Astronomica

Some primary and second ranking psykers are reserved for the Adeptus Astronomica. They are handed over to complete their training under the auspices of that organisation.



Sacrifices

The psychic levy inevitably harvests many whose powers are too random and minds too vulnerable. If left unrestrained they would soon perish, and their doom would lead to further deaths and maybe even to the destruction of entire worlds. In a looming universe their loss is of no great matter, but even in death they can serve – for the Emperor must feed upon raw psychic energy if he is to survive as the protector of humanity. These sacrifices are fed into the Emperor's Golden Throne so that the Emperor and the Imperium itself can continue.

The Tainted

Thanks to the vigorous checks of the Blackship captains few tainted psykers get as far as Earth. Those who do are weeded out and destroyed on account of the daemons they harbour or the destructive powers they possess. Yet despite these vigorous precautions a few of the Tainted do get through. In the past important members of the Imperium, even High Lords, have been psykers of this kind. Who knows how many individuals have slipped past the checks and become important officials without their true nature being discovered?

ASTROPATHS

Astropaths are extremely important within human society because they afford the only means of communicating over interstellar distances. Astropaths are capable of sending telepathic messages across space and they can receive messages sent by other Astropaths if their minds are correctly attuned. Telepathic messages travel through the warp and so travel faster than light, although not instantaneously.

You are not free whose liberty is won by the rigour of other, more righteous souls. You are merely protected. Your freedom is parasitic, you suck the honourable man dry and offer nothing in return. You who have enjoyed freedom, who have done nothing to earn it, your time has come. This time you will stand alone and fight for yourselves. Now you will pay for your freedom in the currency of honest toil and human blood.

Inquisitor Czevak
address to the Council of Ryanti

The need for Astropaths is enormous. They are a common sight in the Imperium and are easily distinguished by their green robes. Astropaths serve in the Fleet as ship-board and shore-based communicators. They also serve in the Imperial Guard, the Inquisition, the Adeptus Ministorum, the Space Marines and throughout the Adeptus Terra.

The Imperial Commanders of distant worlds must have Astropaths if they are to communicate with the rest of the Imperium. Similarly, Astropaths are an essential part of civilian life, working for commercial shippers and anywhere where interstellar communication is needed. This vast body makes up a network covering the entire Imperium, facilitating the transfer of information from one end of the galaxy to the other.

THE SOUL BINDING

No ordinary psyker can transmit a message through the warp, nor receive a telepathic message over such vast distances. Astropaths only gain this ability as a result of their many years training, culminating in a special ritual which combines some of the Emperor's own power with their own. This ritual, known as Soul Binding, brings the mind of the psyker close to the psychic greatness of the Emperor. In the process, some of the Emperor's vast energy is transferred to the Astropath.

The transference of energy is traumatic for the psyker – not all survive despite years of preparation, and not all those that survive retain their sanity. Even the survivors suffer damage to the sensitive nerves of the eyes, so that almost all Astropaths are blind. In fact, their increased psychic skills tend to make up for this loss of sight, so that they would not appear blind were it not for their distorted, sunken and empty eye sockets.



Soul Binding is said to affect Astropaths in other ways, and it is commonly claimed that once an Astropath's mind has touched that of the Emperor he gains a new understanding and insight into the nature of the universe.

PSYKERS

The Adeptus Astra Telepathica trains the vast majority of psykers who work within the Imperium. Psykers can be found in every Imperial organisation, and are a vital part of the communication network that keeps the Imperium intact.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Psyker	4	3	3	3	4	1	4	1	7
Champion	4	4	4	4	4	2	4	1	7
Master	4	5	5	4	4	3	5	2	7
Psyker Lord	4	6	6	4	4	4	6	3	8

ADEPTUS MINISTORUM

The Adeptus Ministorum is not part of the Adeptus Terra. It is a wholly independent and self-appointed organisation whose power derives from the common belief in the Emperor's divinity. The Ministorum or Ecclesiarchy, as it is usually known, maintains and promulgates the Imperial Cult throughout the Imperium.

ORIGINS

The Emperor became an object of general veneration following his incarceration within the Golden Throne. Many Imperial cults sprang up throughout the Imperium over the following decades. Most differed in their specific practices and beliefs, but all were united by their common worship of the Emperor and by the principles of human survival he embodied. These principals had been established during the Great Crusade when the Emperor led the armies of Earth in the reconquest of the galaxy: genetic corruption was to be sought out and eradicated, psykers were to be evaluated and controlled, destructive aliens were to be rendered powerless. Indeed, anything that threatened the future of humanity would be recognised and destroyed.

The civil wars that followed reconquest were widely taken as proof of the importance of these principles. The Horus Rebellion, as these wars are known, showed how fragile humanity really was. The civil wars were brought to an end when the Emperor slew Horus in hand-to-hand combat,

suffering a mortal wound in return and leading to his incarceration in the Golden Throne. The redemption of humanity by the self-sacrifice of the Emperor became the central theme of the Imperial Cult.

Within a few hundred years of the Emperor's sacrifice, the multitude of small cults were united into a single cult known as the Ecclesiarchy after its elected leader the Ecclesiarch. This powerful body gradually absorbed the mass of cult worshippers, until in the thirty-second millennium it gained the status of official religion of the Imperium and the concomitant title of Adeptus Ministorum.



Remaining independent cults were persecuted and mostly destroyed. The only significant surviving bodies of independent worship were the Imperial cults of the Adeptus Astartes, whose Space Marine Chaplains continued to preach their own unique traditions as part of Space Marine training. This is still the case today in the forty-first millennium, although the Adeptus Astartes nominally acknowledges the Ecclesiarchy and has incorporated some of its practices into its own cults. The persistence of older and seemingly barbaric practices amongst the Space Marines makes them all the more frightening to the mass of humanity.

ORGANISATION

The Ecclesiarchal palace is situated on Earth and occupies almost the entirety of its southernmost continent. This vast urban complex is the headquarters of the Ministorum, its spiritual as well as its material home. The leader of the Ministorum, the Ecclesiarch, lives in a heavily armed and armoured fortress rising high into the sky. Its height rivals the famous two-mile high central spire of the Cathedral of the Emperor Deified – a construction built along titanic proportions whose central nave is a mile long and whose roof is suspended half a mile above its stone floor.

The leader of the Ministorum and spiritual head of humanity is called the Ecclesiarch. He is assisted by several thousand Cardinals, some of whom reside on Earth while others are responsible for dioceses elsewhere in the Imperium. The three ranks of Cardinal are Palatine (resident within the Palace and not responsible for a diocese), Terran (responsible for a diocese on Earth), and Astral (responsible for a diocese elsewhere). All Cardinals are entitled to sit on the Holy Synod, the ruling body of the Ministorum, but only the Cardinals Palatine are free from other duties and able to do so permanently.

In addition to this spiritual organisation the Ministorum includes an administrative bureaucracy which controls all maintenance, provisioning, manufacture and other secular business. The leaders of this organisation are called Arch-



Deacons and they are powerful men in their own right, although subordinate to the Holy Synod. This arm of the Ministorum is much like other administrative bodies of the Adeptus Terra as described in the section dealing with the Administratum.

PREACHERS

Every diocese in the Imperium (of which there are thousands) is divided into parishes, each of which is centred around an Imperial shrine. Some worlds have only a few shrines, but most populated worlds have thousands, and the Earth is said to have several million (although no-one has ever verified this). Each shrine is attended by a Preacher who serves the local population. Preachers are stern and unforgiving individuals who see it as their duty to hound out heresy amongst their flock. Psykers, mutants, heretics and malcontents of all kinds are actively sought and handed over to the Judges.

A successful Preacher may rise to become a Pontifex, whose authority extends over several parishes and Preachers. The responsibilities of a Pontifex can encompass an entire planet, or even several planets, and his title and rank may be extended to indicate this. A Pontifex Terra is responsible for a proportion of the shrines and Preachers on Earth, for example, whilst a Pontifex Mundi is in charge of the religious life of a whole world. Other common titles are Pontifex Urba (religious overlords of cities) and Pontifex Astra (whose responsibilities cover the shrines and Preachers of one or more spacecraft).

CONFESSORS

Especially zealous Preachers may be invited by their Cardinal to become Confessors. Confessors are not in charge of a shrine, but are free to wander within the entire diocese and preach amongst the population. They are evangelical zealots of the most extreme kind, and the supreme architects of mass emotion. Under the spell of a Confessor, huge crowds will rush forward to confess their personal heresies, to reveal mutations amongst their relations, and to betray their neighbours as psykers or other deviants.

A certain mutual distrust exists between the Inquisition and the Ministorum and especially the Confessors. Their roles inevitably overlap, although their methods of operation could not be more dissimilar. Confessors are zealots whose enthusiasm verges on insanity, while Inquisitors are hard-headed, calculating and suspicious individuals.

On the Day of Affirmation it is the custom to light a candle, small and sweetly scented, and while it burns to silently think on those days so long ago. For a few minutes every year the whole universe of mankind falls silent and bends its mind to one purpose - billions of billions of souls drawn together in memory of the Great Confessor.

from Dolan Chirosius
in the Ministorum Libra Martyr



MISSIONARIES

Missionaries run charitable institutions called Missions. These typically take the form of hospitals and schools on worlds where such things are rare or unknown. The secondary purpose of these institutions is to recruit new members and further the observance of the Imperial Cult. When new human populations are discovered a Mission is usually sent immediately. These Missions are a vital part of assessing populations for signs of genetic deviation, cultural pollution, and psychic activity (generally called 'witchcraft' in the Ministorum).

The most famous of all missions are the Schola Progenium. These are orphanages run by the Ministorum specifically to look after and train the children of Imperial officials who have given their lives in service. These orphans receive a strict orthodox cult education, and most of them grow up to become important Imperial officials. The Schola Progenium supplies a good portion of the senior officers and Commissars of the Imperial Guard as well as many Inquisitors and staff for the Ministorum itself.

ADEPTA SORORITAS

The Adepta Sororitas is the fighting arm of the Adepta Ministorum. It is formed entirely of women and hence also known as the Sisterhood. The Adepta Sororitas is a penitent order where constant hardship, deprivation and arduous work are part of an unrelenting devotional regime. Its members are fanatical in their commitment. The slightest deviation from approved stricture leads to the most severe chastisement.

The Sisterhood is divided into two militant Convents: the Sanctorum and the Prioris. The Convent Sanctorum is based within the Ecclesiarchal palace on Earth, and the Convent Prioris is based on Ophelia IV near the Eastern Fringe. Each Convent has its own fleets and runs its own affairs in much the same way as the Space Marine Chapters.

The Commander of the Convent Sanctorum is the Abbess of the Adepta Sororitas who also has overall spiritual leadership of the Sisterhood. She is assisted by a battle-leader with the rank of Prioress. The Commander of the Convent Prioris is the Prioress of Ophelia IV.

ADEPTA SORORITAS

The Battle Sisters of the Ministorum are fanatical and pious warriors, crusaders of the holy word, and the sworn enemies of the faithless throughout the galaxy.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Battle Sister	4	3	4	3	4	1	4	1	8
Champion	4	4	5	3	4	1	5	1	9
Hero	4	5	6	4	5	2	6	2	9
Mighty Hero	4	6	7	4	5	3	7	3	10



No army is big enough to conquer the galaxy. But faith alone can overturn the universe.

Ecclesiarch Deacis IX

PREACHER

Throughout the galaxy Preachers minister to the spiritual needs of mankind. They do not shirk from violence – indeed part of their credo calls for the physical destruction of all enemies of humanity. When Orks or Chaos forces invade, the Preachers are amongst the first to organise local defence from amongst the citizenry. As the Imperial Guard landing ships make planetfall it is the Preachers who welcome their

liberators, and fight alongside them, inspiring the troops with their personal leadership.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Preacher	4	4	4	3	3	1	4	1	9

CONFESSOR

Confessors are roaming zealots, devotees who have come so close to the Emperor's divinity that they are no longer wholly sane. They are messianic figures whose words can stir human emotions and touch the very soul. A Confessor can lead men cheering to certain death, or turn their darkest despair into wild joy.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Confessor	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	2	10

SPECIAL RULES

Break. Confessors never break and automatically pass any Leadership-based tests they are required to take, other than a test to restrain *frenzy* which they take as normal. They cannot be broken under any circumstances.

Frenzy. Confessors are affected by the psychology rules described for *frenzy* in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.

Leaders. A Confessor is a character and may therefore lead a unit if you wish. If a Confessor is leading a unit it automatically becomes subject to the rules for *frenzy* but immune to all other psychology (other than *hatred* if it already hates its foe). A unit led by a Confessor is therefore immune to *fear*, *terror*, etc. A unit led by a Confessor cannot be broken, and will automatically pass any Leadership test it is required to take other than a test to restrain *frenzy*, which is taken as normal.

Psychology. Confessors are immune to all psychological effects as described in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook except for *frenzy*. They cannot be affected by *fear*, *terror*, or any psychology other than *frenzy*.



THE ADEPTUS MECHANICUS

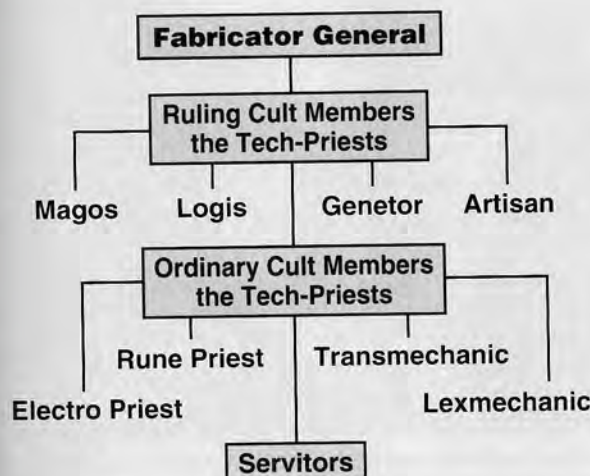
Mars is the planetary realm of the Adeptus Mechanicus, the home and domain of the Tech-Priests of the Cult Mechanicus. The Red Planet is acclaimed as one of the wonders of the galaxy, the workshop of the Imperium, the forge-world, the maker of ships, and the guardian of secrets. It is the Adeptus Mechanicus who furnish the technical knowledge of the Imperium, preserve the scientific secrets of former times, and who explore the new sciences of the 41st millennium.

THE CULT MECHANICUS

The Cult Mechanicus, or Cult of the Machine, acknowledges the Emperor as Master of Mankind but does not recognise the authority of the official Imperial Cult or the Ecclesiarchy. Instead, the Adeptus Mechanicus follows its own dark and mysterious strictures.

According to the Adeptus Mechanicus, knowledge is the supreme manifestation of divinity, and all creatures and artefacts that embody knowledge are holy because of it. The Emperor is the supreme object of worship because he comprehends so much. Machines which preserve knowledge from ancient times are also holy, and machine intelligences are no less divine than those of flesh and blood. A man's worth is only the sum of his knowledge – his body is simply an organic machine capable of preserving intellect.

The Adeptus Mechanicus controls the entire governmental, industrial and religious affairs of Mars. In its broadest terms, the population is divided into two parts. The greater mass of Martians are worker-slaves called Servitors. Servitors are not really fully human, but half-man half-machine creatures whose minds have been partially programmed to perform specific duties. The Servitors are slaves to the ruling priesthood of Tech-Priests who form a hierarchy of technicians, scientists and religious leaders. The Tech-Priests provide the Imperium with its engineers and technical experts.



The leader of the Adeptus Mechanicus is the Fabricator General of Mars. He is a High Lord of Terra and also the head of the Cult Mechanicus in his capacity as the Magos Mechanicus.

MAGOS

The Magos is a master of technological achievement. There are many divisions such as Magos Technicus, Magos Metallurgicus, Magos Alchemys, Magos Physic, Magos Biologis, etc.

LOGIS

The Logis is a logistician, an analyst, and statistician. His purpose is to predict future trends and make forecasts about expenditure and needs. They are regarded as prophetic figures.

GENETOR

Genetors are genetic scientists. They are very common amongst the Adeptus Mechanicus and often accompany Imperial forces involved in the exploration of new worlds.

ARTISAN

Artisans, or constructors, design machines, buildings, spacecraft, weapons, and military hardware. They control the vast labour forces of Servitors.

ELECTRO PRIEST

The Electro Priests are fanatic cult warriors of the Adeptus Mechanicus. They travel on board spacecraft and support the Tech-Priest warriors in battle. The Electro Priest turns himself into a crackling fount of electrical energy, destroying everything he touches before he collapses from the strain.

ENGINEERS

Engineers are highly trained agents of the Cult Mechanicus, and they are often assigned to duties in the Imperial Guard or other parts of the Adeptus Terra.

RUNE PRIEST

The Rune Priest scribes runes and chants liturgies over machines as part of the Cult ritual of initiation. He is trained in the arcane branches of scientific lore such as intuitive mechanics, speculation, and improvisation. They are famous for their lateral thinking, and may be called in to solve a problem when strict logic and standard procedures fail.

TRANSMECHANIC

These are technicians or service engineers who specialise in communications technology. Like the Engineers, they are often assigned to duties in other Imperial organisations.

LEXMECHANIC

Their purpose is to compile and rationalise data so that it can be entered into a central computer repository. They work with computer speed and accuracy, assembling battlefield reports, economic statistics, planetary reports, and so forth. They may be assigned to duties throughout the Adeptus Terra.

SERVITORS

Servitors are mindless slave machines of living flesh and metal – creatures with no individual mind who obey their programming without question. Servitors make up the huge bulk of the Martian population, and there are many kinds from heavy mining cyborgs to Holomats (holographic recorders). The most severe punishment for a criminal is to be turned into a Servitor: mind-wiped and re-programmed to perform some rudimentary function. Ex-wrongdoers wear a brass plaque round their necks proclaiming their crime as a warning to all who would cross the Tech-Priests of Mars.

MARS

The planet Mars has changed enormously since man first set foot upon its barren and arid surface. In the early 22nd century it became the first world to be terraformed. It was given an atmosphere and its deserts were turned into fertile soil. However, agriculture was never very important on Mars – its main source of wealth lay below its surface in the form of gems, minerals and metal ores.

Once terraformed, Mars was settled by industrial cartels and their workforces, and soon grew into the first human hive world. Mars became a centre for industrial production and research, and its very name has become synonymous with technical expertise and scientific advancement. Mars became the hub for further space exploration throughout the solar system.

Today Mars has evolved into the workshop of the Adeptus. Its factory hives produce the bulk of all technical equipment used in the Imperium. Spacecraft and other large specialised constructs are fabricated in the orbital factories that spin around the equatorial belt. Ships of the Warfleet Solar are based in these huge floating docks, and other craft from all over the Imperium visit what are the largest man-made objects in the entire galaxy.

As the first hives ever built, the Martian factory hives are ancient and all are at least partially ruinous. Some areas are well maintained, and there are many new areas of building. Areas that are no longer used are simply allowed to rot.

A journey through the internal travel tubes would take a person from extremes of new construction to ancient industrial wastes. The travel lines weave between shining new building piles with their nets of steel bracing like the rigging of a sailing ship, passing into older darker zones where broken condensation traps spill their vaporous contents and enmesh speeding tube liners in a perpetual fog. Wastelands cover vast parts of the cities, deserts of broken plasteel slabs and twisted girders, with the occasional solitary tower pointing purposelessly towards the pink Martian sky.

THE TITAN LEGIONS

Mars endured long centuries of isolation while anarchy tore at the ancient world of Earth. When the Emperor drew Mars back into the fold of the united Imperium, it had long since become a society very different to that of Earth's. One of the most important and enduring differences was the development of the huge fighting machines known as Titans. These vast constructions were unlike anything ever seen on Earth, massive humanoid-shaped weapons of destruction powered by fission reactors and bristling with mighty cannons. On a world as barren as Mars the Titans could stride effortlessly over the hostile landscape where mere troopers would be engulfed in the poisonous wastes and choking dust of the Martian deserts.

A Titan is a gargantuan land-battleship powered by advanced technology. Its armoured carapace is capable of withstanding heavy damage, whilst its armaments can level whole cities. The Titans are one of the most potent weapons in the arsenal of the Imperium. Within each Titan a crew of dozens, or even hundreds, of individuals scurry about their tasks, propelling, refuelling and maintaining the giant machine, manning its mighty weapons and guiding it over the battlefield.

When the Emperor led mankind on the Great Crusade the Titan Legions of the Adeptus Mechanicus marched alongside the Space Marines. As the Imperium expanded the Adeptus Mechanicus took many worlds for themselves, planets which they settled and turned into the Mechanicus Forge Worlds. These became the bases for the Titan Legions throughout the galaxy, so that today the Titan Legions are spread across the Imperium, where they defend the scattered Forge Worlds of the Adeptus Mechanicus.

THE QUEST FOR KNOWLEDGE

The Adeptus Mechanicus is driven by the quest for knowledge. This quest takes many forms, including research and exploration, but its ultimate embodiment is the search for ancient STC systems.

STC systems were created during the scientific high-point of the Dark Age of Technology. During this time thousands of human colonies were founded on distant worlds. Many of these colonies failed to survive, some were lost, and of those that survived most achieved only a subsistence level economy. Yet almost all of these colonies managed to retain a high level of technology thanks to the huge base of computerised information carried from Earth. This massive computer databank was known as the Standard Template Construct (STC) system.



The STCs are often said to embody the sum total of human knowledge. This is probably true as far as technical accomplishment goes. Although most colonists required little more than designs for agricultural machinery, programs were included for all sorts of advanced constructions such as nuclear power grids and fission reactors. However, the early colonists' needs were simple and were met by conventional energy forms and relatively low-level technology.

Today there are no known surviving STC systems, and only a very few examples of first generation print-out. On some worlds information about the ancient STC systems is regarded as holy and design copies are guarded as secret and sacred texts, housed in the inner sanctums of temples.

For thousands of years the Adeptus Mechanicus has pursued all information about the STC. It is their lost bible, Holy Grail and Cup of Knowledge. Any scrap of information is eagerly sought out and jealously hoarded. Any rumour of a functional system is followed up and investigated.

By their efforts much information has been retrieved or can be reconstructed by the vigorous analysis and comparison of copies. Yet the most technically-advanced knowledge eludes the Adeptus Mechanicus, for the early colonists were mostly simple folk whose needs were practical. Only rarely did anyone bother to take copies of the theoretical and advanced work which the STC contained.

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A man may die yet still endure if his work enters the greater work, for time is carried upon a current of forgotten deeds, and events of great moment are but the culmination of a single carefully placed thought. As all men must thank progenitors obscured by the past, so we must endure the present so that those who follow may continue the endeavour.

The Chime of Eons, Garba Mojaró Technomagos of the Adeptus Mechanicus

TECH-PRIESTS

The Tech-Priests are human in almost every respect – though they often have many mechanical components they are not slave-machines in the way that the vast bulk of Servitors are. The Tech-Priests include individuals of diverse abilities and ranks, from the Fabricator General and Techno-Magi to the great mass of Tech-Priests who are the Cultists of the Adeptus Mechanicus.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tech-Priest	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Champion	4	4	4	3	3	1	4	1	8
Hero	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	2	8
Mighty Hero	4	6	6	4	4	3	6	3	9

The universe is not like a puzzle-box that you can take apart and put back together again and so solve its secrets. It is a shifting uncertain thing which changes as you consider it, which is changed by the very act of observation. A powerful man is not a man who dissects the universe like a puzzle-box, examining it piece by piece and measuring each piece with scientific precision. A powerful man has only to look upon the universe to change it.

Technomagos Gaelos



TECH-PRIEST ENGINEERS

Engineers are the most skilled of all human technicians. Their knowledge of machine lore is unsurpassed by any other humans. An Engineer's techno-empathy allows him to interface his mind directly with a computer, to track down malfunctions, access a database, or reconstruct a program almost instantly. Tech-Priest Engineers serve in all the armed forces of the Imperium except for the Space Marines, and can be found in the Imperial Guard, on board spacecraft, and wherever their expertise is required.



Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Engineer	4	4	4	3	3	1	4	1	8

SPECIAL RULE

A Tech-Priest Engineer may attempt to repair a single damaged hit location on a vehicle, a dreadnought or a destroyed support weapon, if he can reach it during his next movement phase. He can do nothing else during the turn – he cannot shoot or fight hand-to-hand combat whilst he is attempting a repair. At the end of the turn roll a D6.

D6 Result

- 5-6 *Repair.* The Engineer succeeds in putting good all damage sustained in the previous turn.
- 3-4 *Possible Repair.* The damage is extensive but the situation is not hopeless. The damage is not repaired this turn, but you may carry on working for a further turn if you wish. At the end of this further turn the damage will be repaired on a roll of 4+, whilst a score of 3 or less indicates that the damage is beyond repair. An Engineer may do nothing else while attempting a repair.
- 1-2 *Hopeless.* The Engineer can do nothing but speak a litany for the machine's departing spirit.

ELECTRO PRIESTS

The Electro Priests are a fanatic brotherhood of techno-zealots. Their skins are engraved with a metallic electroo circuit, a metal-based tattoo that spirals round their bodies like a magnetic coil. This complex circuit interfaces with their minds and enables them to build up a huge current of electrical energy. In battle they work themselves into a frenzy of destruction as the raw power courses through their bodies. Sparks fly from their eyes, flashes of power arc from hand to hand as crackling electricity engulfs them and turns the Electro Priests into living bolts of lightning.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Electro Priests	4	4	3	8	3	1	3	1	9

SPECIAL RULES

Electoo. The Electro Priest fights in hand-to-hand combat using the charge of his own body, directing lightning bolts upon his foe. This gives the Electro Priest his high Strength. In addition the high intensity electric field acts like armour, giving the Electro Priest an armour saving throw of 4, 5 or 6.

Frenzy. The Electro Priest is a techno-zealot, a fanatic devoted to the service of the Cult Mechanicus. As he goes to battle he chants Cult litanies, building up his electric energy, and driving himself into a frenzy of destruction. Electro Priests are subject to the rules for *frenzy* given in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.

Break. If Electro Priests are broken their electrical energy is dispersed and they collapse from physical exhaustion. The models are removed from play and take no further part in the battle.

SERVITORS

Servitors are the lowest form of bio-mechanical life – task-adapted slaves whose mechanical components are designed so they can perform a single laborious function. There are untold millions of these mindless cyborgs on Mars, many working in hostile environments where an unmodified human body would quickly perish. Because they are specifically adapted they vary tremendously: some have mechanical legs or arms

for lifting, others have computer terminals sprouting from their bodies where they interface with more complex machines. Many Servitors are adapted from artificially cultured drone bodies; others are mind-wiped humans who have committed some terrible crime. Servitors accompany senior Tech-Priests as servants and guardians, or use their limited skills to operate dangerous machinery or weaponry.



Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Servitor	4	3	4	3	4	1	4	1	7

SPECIAL RULES

Immune to Psychology. A Servitor's mind is essentially blank and only the most rudimentary instincts remain. They cannot be affected by *fear* or *terror* and are immune to all psychological effects.

Battle. In battle Servitors can either form crews for large weapons, or they can fight in units led by an individual Tech-Priest character.

If utilised as weapon crews Servitors will fight to defend their weapon if attacked, and if their weapon is destroyed they will move towards another, thus forming a reserve of crewmen around surviving weapons. Alternatively, if their weapon is destroyed, crewmen may join a unit of Servitors under the command of a Tech-Priest.

If led by a Tech-Priest, Servitors act as a normal unit in all respects, but if their leader is slain they will do nothing other than fight in hand-to-hand combat. They will not move, except to follow up in hand-to-hand combat, until joined by another senior individual of the Adeptus Mechanicus.

Save. A Servitor's mechanised body is partially armoured giving it a saving throw of 5 or more on a D6.



ASSASSINS

The Emperor knows there is darkness in the human soul that can never be brought into the light, an evil that must be crushed before it is seen, for knowledge of it would blight mankind and bring low his every endeavour. The Assassins protect the future of humanity by eliminating the few who become tainted with abomination, treachery, and other gross evils too heinous to name. They are like a fine needle that reaches to the heart of evil and punctures its rotten core. For every world that is led into rebellion by a treacherous Lord how many more are saved by the knife of an Assassin? How many more would fall to Chaos and the eternal torment of damnation were it not for the poisoned cup and toxin dart? And how many worlds would suffer the cleansing fire of Exterminatus? None can answer these questions. The Assassins work silently and without thanks. They are the bloody-handed and secret saviours of the Imperium.

The Officio Assassinorum or Office of Assassins is one of the most secretive of all the Imperial organisations. Its leader is the Grand Master of the Officio Assassinorum, one of the most mighty of the High Lords of Terra. Only the High Lords themselves can sanction the deployment of the Assassins. It is said that in the distant past Grand Masters used Assassins to further their own ends, even murdering fellow High Lords in their bid for power. During the anarchy of the Wars of Vindication the Grand Master himself became the victim of an Assassin, and all persons of power and privilege lived in terror of their lives. Today it is only heretics who fear shadows in the dark, for the Assassin's blade has an insatiable thirst for the blood of traitors.

Assassins are recruited from the orphans of Imperial servants in the Schola Progenium. They have no family and are adopted instead into the hard and unforgiving structure of the Assassin Temples. Each Temple has its own ancient ways, its own traditions of murder and espionage, of death by an infinity of subtle methods.

An Assassin's body is his most powerful weapon. He can smash through steel with his hands and feet. He can climb sheer surfaces, leap gaping chasms, run as fast as the wind, and endure hardships that would kill a lesser man. None can withstand pain or hurt like an Assassin. An Assassin can place his hand in boiling water without flinching, he can endure flame, or cutting blade. Even mortal wounds will not blunt his purpose.

One of the exotic pieces of equipment used by the Assassins is the synthetic skin or synskin. This is a rubbery layer which the Assassins spray onto their bodies, forming a close fitting suit which enhances the shape and function of the muscles below. Even items of equipment can be sealed in place by successive layers. Synskin acts like armour, absorbing the blows and dissipating the energy of a hit. Synskin also feeds the body with oxygen and metabolic booster chemicals. An Assassin wearing synskin can survive burning heat, freezing cold, or even the hard vacuum of space for a limited time.

SPECIAL RULES

Psychology. Assassins are unaffected by the Psychology rules described in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook. They are completely immune to *fear*, *terror* and other psychological effects.

Leadership. Assassins cannot be broken – they are automatically assumed to pass any Break test, or other Leadership-based test, that they are required to make. However, Assassins may never lead other units, and their Leadership is never used by other troops. This is an exception to the normal character rules in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook and reflects how Assassins fight as individuals.

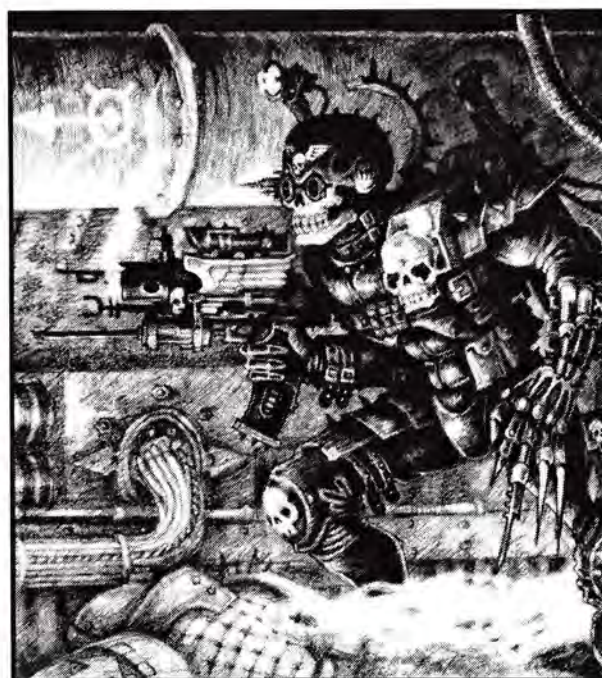
Dodge. The Assassin's trained reflexes are augmented by the booster chemicals of his synskin suit and enable him to react quickly to any threat by dodging aside out of danger. To represent this the Assassin can avoid the effect of any damaging hit on the D6 roll of a 4 or more. This is much like an ordinary saving roll for armour, but it is not reduced by weapon save modifiers.

If the Assassin successfully dodges an attack from a weapon with a blast area, then the model is moved outside the blast area as the player wishes, but not into hand-to-hand combat with another model.

Gas Weapons. Because the synskin suits feed counteractive chemicals into their bloodstream, Assassins are completely immune to the effects of toxic gases. They cannot be affected by Choke, Scare, Hallucinogen, Toxin or Virus.

Vision. Assassins have bio-implants that enable them to see in the dark or through dense smoke. They are not affected by gas or smoke clouds that normally obstruct vision.

Infiltration. Assassins can be set up deep within the battle area as described in the Infiltration rules of the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.



Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Assassin	6	8	8	5	5	4	8	4	10

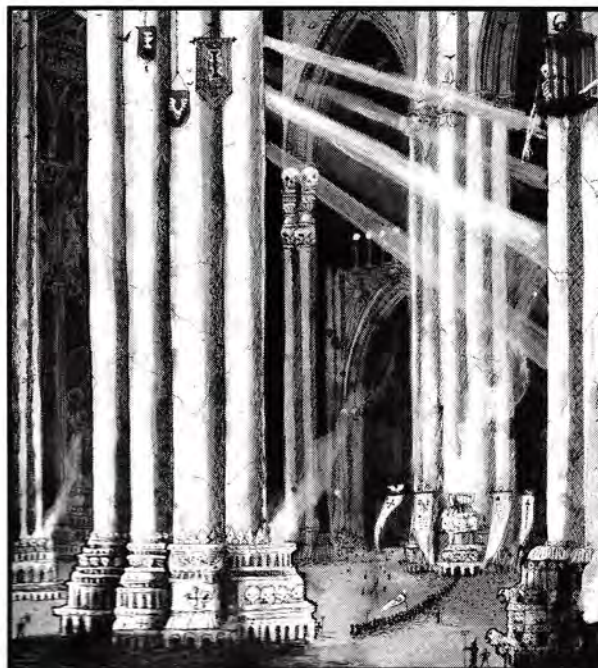
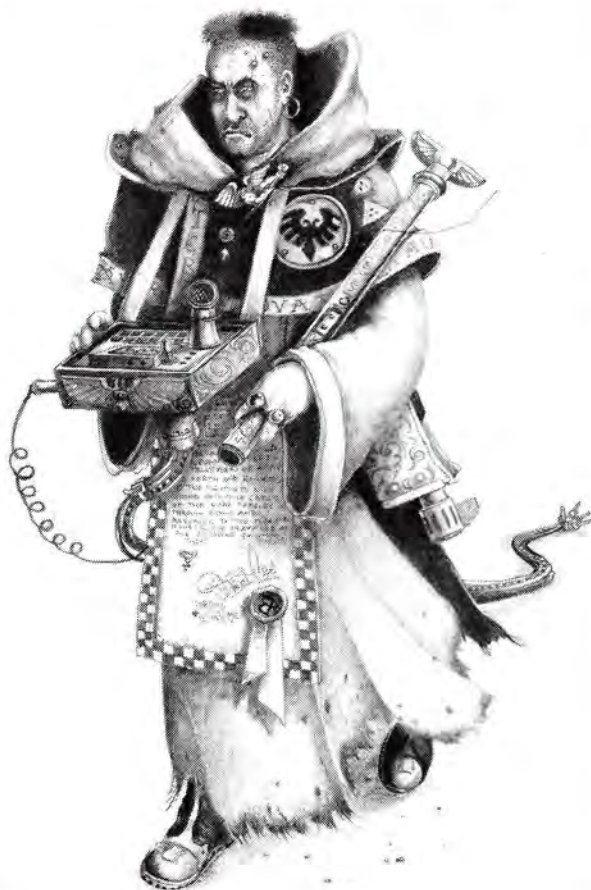
THE ADMINISTRATUM

The Administratum is the largest of all the subdivisions of the Adeptus Terra. It is a gargantuan organisation whose servants include the majority of Earth's population as well as many millions throughout the Imperium itself. It is divided into many more sub-departments and offices, each responsible for some specific aspect of Imperial rule. The mere administration of the Imperial Palace is said to involve over ten billion people. Most of the departments of the Administratum are of no real interest; they are typical bureaucratic institutions obsessed with counting and recording petty details of stock storage, movement and consumption.

The ranking and titular system of the Administratum is used throughout the Adeptus Terra. Some of the more interesting aspects of this are covered here, although an encyclopaedic review is impossible within the limited space available.

The Master of the Administratum is the titular head of the organisation and the most powerful of all the High Lords of Terra. As such he has no time to devote to the Administratum and no duties beyond the occasional ceremonial appearance.

Adeptus is the title given to all servants of the Emperor whether they are high ranking officials or lowly scribes. It is an honour to serve the Emperor and the title is much respected. Space Marines and Imperial Commanders are entitled to use the honorific, as are some high ranking Imperial Guard.



Prefectus or **Prefect** is the title of an officer or official of the Adeptus Terra. There are three basic levels of command which are, in order of seniority, Prefectus Primus, Prefectus Secundus, and Prefectus Tertius. These qualifying titles are sometimes used on their own as a form of informal address.

Masters are the departmental heads of the Administratum, the individuals in charge of an entire office or division. Most of the Masters of subordinate divisions will also have a special title unique to that division such as the Chancellor of the Estate Imperium, and the Historicus of the Historical Revision Unit.

Ordinates are minor administrative officials. They deal with much of the routine work of the Imperium. Ordinates are the most common type of worker.

Scribes are functionaries of an extremely lowly kind. They are record keepers roughly equivalent to a clerk. Scribes, and indeed most of the Administratum's staff, are drawn from families of hereditary slave-workers, many of whom can trace their service back to the dawn of the Imperium.

An empty mind is like unto a freshly turned sod;
if not sown with the seeds of love, duty and
honour, the insidious weeds of heresy will take
root.

Prefect Xavier Lanate,
from his essay "Heresy and Faith: an Introspection".

Ciphers are messengers, and they fill the corridors of the Imperial Palace as they bustle from one place to another. Ciphers are trained to memorise dictation and can repeat whole texts verbatim after a single scan. They achieve this by means of self-hypnosis. The ability is a family secret passed down from parent to child. Ciphers have no knowledge of the messages they carry, but mechanically chant their information when they reach their destination.

Curators are responsible for maintaining the ancient records of the Imperium, especially those preserved in the form of written ledgers. A curator must understand a variety of ancient tongues and scripts, as these very old records are often written in languages which are no longer in use. Curators must also be historians of a kind, for they are expected to furnish information which may have been recorded millennia ago. The position is an inherited one, passed down from generation to generation along with the languages, scripts and other ancient lore pertaining to the role.



There is a tower in the Emperor's palace called the Tower of Heroes: a black tower which rises high into the sky like a spike. At the summit of that tower hangs the Bell of Lost Souls. It is an ancient thing, massive as a building and adorned with dark runes, its peal like the scream of an anguished god. It is tolled but once when a great hero of the Imperium dies. Its wailing moan of grief lasts long and reaches the ears of millions, and its tones penetrate the unifying ether of humanity turning the thoughts of countless billions towards mankind's loss.



Menials are non-specialised workers, who may be shifted from job to job as required. They serve as transport drivers, labourers, sanitizers, and in other non-skilled occupations. Menials are recruited from the population of non-Adepts, but take the title of Adept themselves. They are very proud of this honour, and will bear almost any indignity to make sure they keep it.

Subordinates are servants who work for a specific part of the Administratum. Some are skilled craftsmen, engineers, or builders, others are unskilled workers who perform similar tasks to menials. Subordinates are hereditary slave-workers who jealously guard their few prerogatives. Unlike Menials they pass on their titles and duties to their children. It is possible for an ambitious Subordinate to become an Ordinate and to rise through the ranks of the Administratum.



THE ORKS

It is now many tens of thousands of years since humans first encountered the savage and warlike race known as the Orks. In all that time mankind has fought innumerable wars against these barbaric creatures and there is no likelihood that this situation will ever stop.

The Ork race is spread throughout the galaxy much like mankind, but unlike mankind the Orks are divided into many thousands of independent empires each led by an Ork Warlord. Warlords strive to defeat their neighbours whether they are humans, Eldar, or even other Orks. If successful, a Warlord expands his territories by conquest, and continues to do so until he is defeated. Even if a Warlord wins battle after battle, plundering many worlds and scattering the armies of the Imperium before him, he will eventually overreach himself. This is simply a part of Ork nature! Orks always attack before they are ready and they never think beyond the next battle.

This lack of foresight and organisation have saved the Imperium from defeat many times, although the damage inflicted by rampaging Orks can still be very great. Most Ork incursions can be dealt with as a matter of routine, and local forces usually manage to contain the invaders before too much harm is done. However, this is not always the case, and Earth has been threatened with destruction several times in the Imperium's history.

The records of the Imperium portray a long history of contact between man and Ork but reveal few details of Orkish origins. What has become clear is that the Orks are the remnants of a once diverse race of green-skinned creatures whose colonies extended over most of the galaxy. This ancient Ork race appears to have been divided into three distinct physical castes: the slave caste called Gretchin, the warrior caste called Orks, and the master or ruling caste known to the Orks as Brain Boyz. The Brain Boyz were the driving force behind the civilisation, developing technology and directing the other castes. The Orks and Gretchin may well have been specialised mutants created deliberately by the Brain Boyz to perform restricted tasks, but it will probably never be known for certain.



Whatever the truth of the matter, the Brain Boyz died out long ago, leaving the Orks to inherit the remains of their civilisation. If Ork legends are anything to go by, the Brain Boyz died out in a great plague that lasted for many centuries, causing them to dwindle in numbers and eventually to die out altogether. Fortunately for the Orks, the Brain Boyz evidently predicted what would happen and took steps to preserve what they could of their knowledge by engineering it into the genetic structure of their slaves. It is as a result of the Brain Boyz' efforts that Orks have such a relatively high level of technology today.

The Ork mind is curiously specialised. It is devoted wholly to the pursuit of power and war. Orks are brave and tough, and their bodies have a natural resilience which allows them to survive traumatic injuries and the most primitive surgery. They feel very little pain and can keep fighting even if they lose a limb or sustain a major body wound. Their blood, which is green, carries a symbiotic algae through their veins, digesting and reconstituting damaged body tissue and even rebuilding major organs. This unusual physique is common to both Orks and their smaller cousins the Gretchin, and was presumably common to the ancient Brain Boyz too. In the case of Orks the ability to survive damage is more highly developed than amongst Gretchin. A Gretchin's instincts will tend to carry him away from danger – usually as fast as his legs will carry him!



If all Orks were nothing more than single-minded killing machines they would be dangerous enough, but they would be unable to sustain a significant level of technology. Gretchin, although obedient if beaten with sufficient regularity, are neither inventive nor intelligent enough to maintain the spaceships and advanced weaponry that Orks possess, and these highly technical demands are met by a group of Orks called Oddboyz.

There are many types of Oddboyz. The most important are Mekboyz, Painboyz, Runtherdz and Weirdboyz, each of which is described in detail later. Others include Brewboyz, Diggerz, Sumboyz and Yellerz, all of which have their own specialised role in Ork society.

Although it may seem very strange to humans, these Oddboyz all possess an intuitive understanding of complex technical matters. For example, a Mekboy knows how to create engines and generators even though he has never been taught to do so. If asked where his knowledge comes from he might say that engineering and mechanics were in his blood. If the Imperium's scientists are correct then this would be almost literally true! It appears that bound up within an Ork's genetic structure are artificial DNA strands which carry knowledge.

Possibly these DNA strands were implanted into the Ork metabolism by the Brain Boyz to enable the Orks to survive without their masters. As an Ork matures any latent knowledge inherent in his genetic structure starts to make itself felt, and he assumes a role in society to which he is best suited.



Orks are evolved primarily for fighting, and this sometimes leads to rivalry and even outright war between the different tribes. Although this gives the impression that Orks are disorganised and rebellious, they are actually capable of a high degree of co-operation. The Techno-magi of the Adeptus Mechanicus have identified low levels of background psychic energy in the minds of Orks and Gretchin, and this seems to act like a hormonal stimulus, establishing territories and establishing just who is who in the heirarchy of Orkdom.

As a particular Ork Warlord grows in power, other Orks are attracted to his armies, and clamour to assume subordinate positions under his command. This means that Ork armies can assemble very quickly, growing into massive hordes, appearing out of nowhere and attacking unsuspecting planets.

This process is controlled in some way by the Ork psyche. When massive Ork armies embark upon wars of conquest, this psychic stimulus gives rise to what the Orks call a Waaagh! The Waaagh takes hold in the minds of every Ork and Gretchin, driving them towards fresh conquests upon a wave of bloodthirsty euphoria. A Waaagh will last until the Orks are defeated or until they run out of enemies, after which the armies will dissipate and the various Ork factions divide into mutually antagonistic tribes once more.

In addition to the Orks and Gretchin there are many other smaller creatures which share a similar metabolism, although they are for the most part completely lacking in intelligence. Wherever Orks are found these creatures also appear, although where they come from is a mystery. Orks are constantly moving, and rarely live in the same place, or even on the same planet for very long, but wherever they go these small creatures suddenly appear. The Orks call these creatures squigs.

Probably not even the Orks know where squigs come from, but they are vital to the Orks in many ways. The larger squigs are used for fur and food, or are kept as (rather fierce) pets, or even ridden to battle. The smaller squigs have many specialist uses, but one of the strangest is the Hair Squig, a parasitic creature with tiny jaws and flowing hair-like gills. Orks fasten Hair Squigs to their skin, having no hair of their own, to create colourful beards, scalp-locks and so forth.

It seems likely that Squigs are another legacy of the Brain Boyz, the features of a natural and mobile ecosystem that sustains the Ork race as it travels from world to world.

CLANS

Ork society is based around individual tribes led by powerful Orks known as Warbosses or Warlords. A tribe is roughly analogous to an army or the inhabitants of a planet, but because Orks don't always settle in one place for very long tribes are more important than planets. Tribes are constantly growing and conquering other tribes, or else being conquered by them, so Ork society is one of constant strife and change.

The Orks thrive on this conflict: the strongest rise to the top while the weak become subservient and thereby benefit from the superior leadership of their conquerors. To an Ork this state of affairs is perfectly satisfactory. If an Ork tribe is beaten by another, stronger tribe, it welcomes the opportunity to be led into battle by a Warlord of such power!

Although Orks belong to tribes they also belong to *clans*. Tribes are constantly changing, breaking apart and reforming, but the clans are constant and enduring. A tribe usually contains Orks from many different clans, and each clan has its own distinct character and identity. When tribes fight each other for supremacy Orks from the same clan often find themselves fighting each other. An Ork's loyalty always belongs to his Warboss, the leader of his tribe, rather than to his clan, although inter-clan rivalry is intense.

There are many clans but only six really big ones: the Goffs, the Snakebites, Bad Moons, Evil Sunz, Blood Axes and Deathskulls. Each has distinct cultural preferences and abilities. These probably reflect genetic variations engineered into the Orks by the Brain Boyz in the distant past, although it is impossible to say for certain.



Bad Moons

Orks use their teeth for currency, and as the Bad Moons' teeth grow faster than anyone else's they are the richest of all the Ork clans. This is not regarded as an unfair advantage, as any Ork who is tough enough can always bash a Bad Moon on the head and steal his teeth. Bad Moons like to display their wealth with expensive technical and highly decorated wargear. They usually have the best wargear and wear the most gaudy clothes preferring a yellow and black pattern.



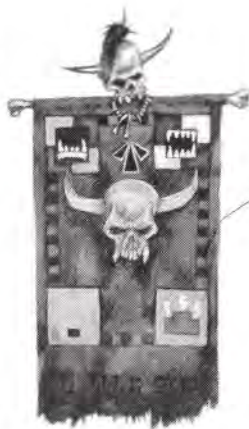
Goffs

The Goffs are the fiercest of all the Orks and the most warlike – which is saying something. They prefer close quarter fighting and have little patience for complex tactics or sophisticated strategy. Most Goffs carry brutal short ranged weapons such as axes and bolt pistols so they can get stuck in as soon as possible. Goffs like to wear black. They believe themselves superior to other Orks because they are better fighters.



Deathskulls

After a battle the Deathskulls descend upon the wreckage to salvage weapons, equipment, clothes and anything else they can use or sell on. They are tremendously good at scrounging (some would say stealing) and are equally adept at selling the things they find to even the most reluctant customers. They are notoriously superstitious and often paint their skin blue to bring them luck. Deathskulls wear clothes they have scrounged and use equipment they have salvaged, and often look rather tatty and battered.



Blood Axes

The Blood Axes are not trusted by the other clans who usually refer to them as treacherous gits. They will quite happily march off to war alongside the other Orks only to run off when things get tough or swap sides at the last minute. Blood Axes will even trade and deal with humans, which is considered a sure sign of their lack of proper Orky spirit.



Snakebites

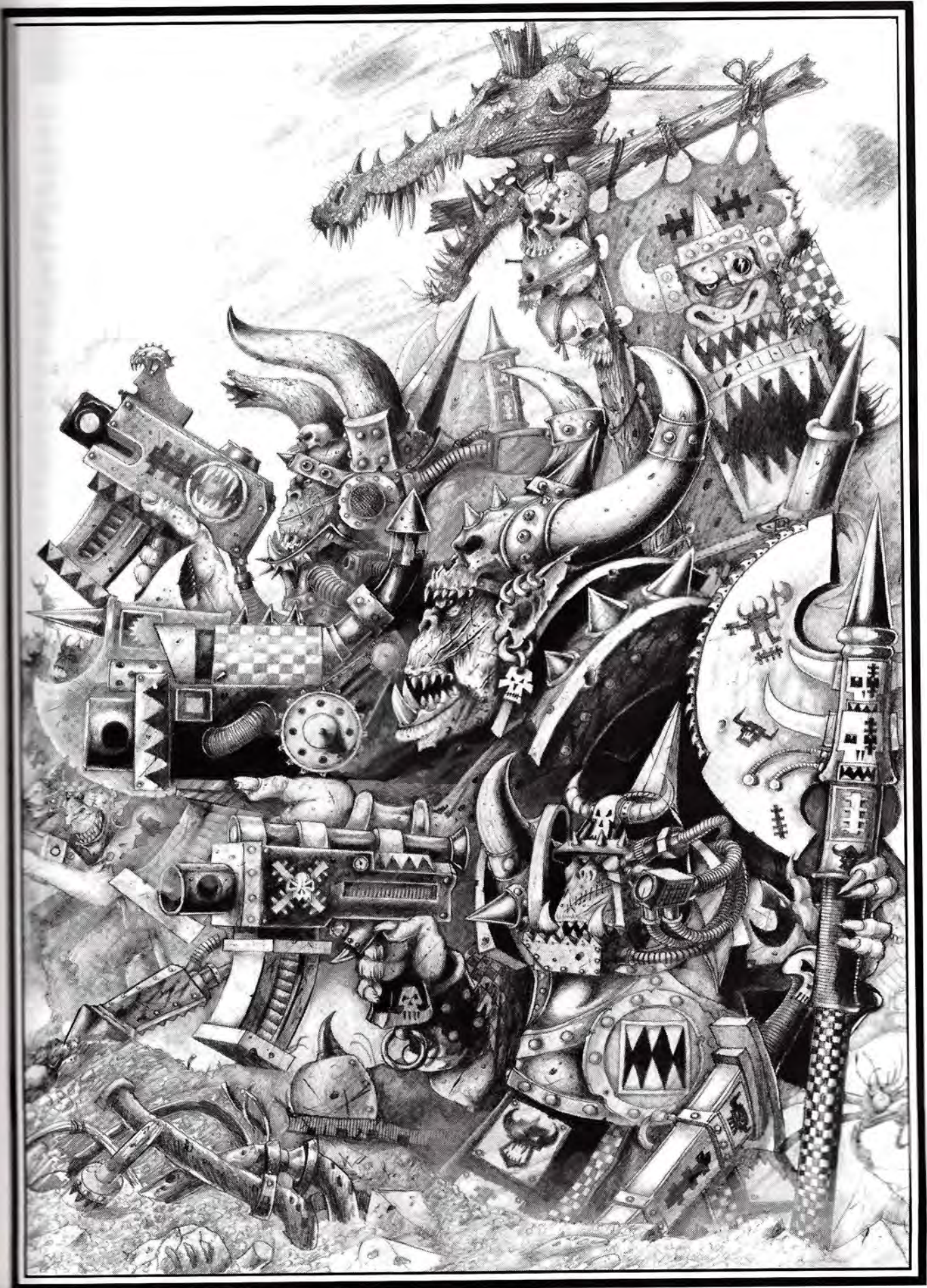
Snakebites use technology only reluctantly and always feel more comfortable with simple machinery and well established Orky values. They preserve some practices which other Orks have long since abandoned, and shun certain aspects of recently developed technology. They sometimes ride warboars into battle. The Snakebites can be distinguished from other Orks by their tattooed skin, clothes, furs, and rather backward appearance.



Evil Sunz

The Evil Sunz are uncontrollably attracted towards fast war bikes and loud noise. This is a common trait among Orks, but especially pronounced in the Evil Sunz. They are constantly tinkering with their engines, trying to get as much speed out of them as possible. Evil Sunz wear red clothes and often paint their machines red too – firmly believing in the old proverb that *red wunz go faster*.



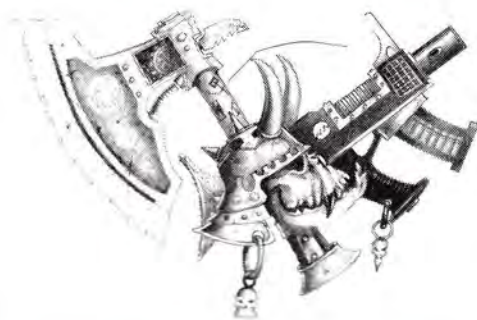


ORKS

Orks are the best natural warriors in the galaxy because they are tough and aggressive, but mostly because they actually enjoy fighting. As Orks feel very little pain they can sustain serious wounds without a flinch. Their bodies will readily accept the most crude transplants and prosthetics and serious battle injuries don't bother them much. The only thing that drives them is fighting, and the bigger the battle and harder the fight the more the Orks like it. Next to a battle won, the best thing is a battle lost, just so long as there's a good scrap.

The Orks' green skin is due to the algae that flows through their blood and also forms part of their digestive system. This algae not only gives the Orks their green colouration, but it also accounts for their strange and extremely durable metabolism. It is true that an Ork head will live on for some time if severed from its body, and can sometimes be transplanted onto another body altogether.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ork	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7
Nob	4	4	4	3	4	1	3	1	8
Bigboss	4	5	5	4	5	2	4	2	8
Warboss	4	6	6	4	5	3	5	3	9



Orkses is never defeated in battle. If we win we win, if we die we die, so it don't count as defeat. If we runs for it we don't die neither, so we can always come back for anuvver go, see!

Commonly held Ork view of warfare

GRETCHIN

Gretchin are smaller than Orks and nowhere near as strong and fierce, but they are very numerous indeed. Their intense pride in the achievements of their masters inspires them to follow the Orks to war. Although the Orks make no attempt to arm or train the Gretchin, they always manage to scrape together enough teeth to buy a few simple weapons so they can join in the fun.

The Orks have little patience with the Gretchin as they inevitably get in the way of the fighting and tend to run away unless they are winning. The Gretchin's enthusiasm is undiminished by their masters' attitude and they band together into their own Mobs to emulate the deeds of their big brothers.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Gretchin	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	5



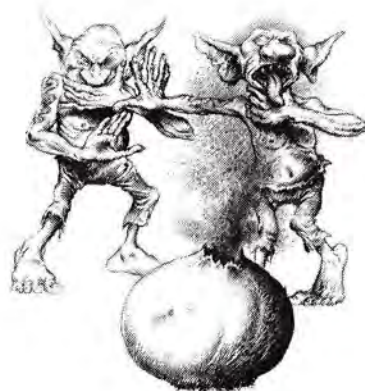
SNOTLINGS

Snotlings are the smallest of the green-skinned races. They are undoubtedly related to Orks and Gretchin in some fashion, but the relationship is uncertain. Snotlings are only marginally more intelligent than dogs, and have a natural trust and enthusiasm which is touchingly puppy-like. Snotlings can be trained to perform all manner of simple tasks, such as tending the squigs and harvesting fungus, which with the dangers of Gnasher Squigs and poison fungus can be more difficult than it sounds. However, they are unable to use any but the most simple devices. They are completely unaggressive and easily panicked by loud noises. If unsettled Snotlings tend to huddle together in huge packs because this makes them feel safe.

Runtherdz sometimes bring Snotling packs to battle, driving them in front of the army to distract the enemy or clear away weak defensive lines. The only way the Snotlings will tolerate this is if they think the whole thing is a game. To this end they are trained to run through mock battles towards some reward, such as a plate of tasty squigs. When it comes to a real battle they are raring to go, convinced that a big feed lies just behind the enemy's lines. By the time the Snotlings find out the truth it will be too late, and the enemy will find their position overrun by panicking Snotlings running wild with fear,

scratching and clawing like cornered wild-cats, white with terror and defecating uncontrollably.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Snotling base	4	2	2	1	1	3	3	3	4



RUNTHERDZ

Runtherdz raise and train the Gretchin and Snotlings that are a vital part of Ork society. The Gretchin do most of the actual work, especially fetching and carrying, and they outnumber the Orks many times over. Gretchin are also important on the battlefield although the Orks would be reluctant to admit this. Orks are not especially bright and are certainly far too impatient to operate heavy artillery pieces and other massive engines of war so this task is invariably left to specially trained teams of Gretchin.



On the battlefield the Runtherdz keep a close eye on the Gretchin crews, helping them out if they get in trouble and putting them right if they go wrong. Gretchin are prone to become excited and over enthusiastic, which always leads to accidents in which unfortunate loaders are fired out of barrels or caught in whirling cog wheels. Fortunately Runtherdz take great pride in their charges and are always nearby to pull any miscreants out of a machine's gubbins if necessary.

The simplest and most menial tasks are undertaken by the tiny Snotlings. Snotlings are not particularly easy to train because they are slow learners and need to be slowly and carefully conditioned to perform even the most simple tricks. Runtherdz train Snotlings to cultivate fungus and tend squigs, and take an extraordinary pride in their tiny charges.

The Runtherdz make a good living by selling well trained servants and Gretchin workers to other Orks. Runtherdz often become quite wealthy, and naturally invest their teeth in solid weaponry and other battle gear. On the battlefield they tend to fight alongside the machines crewed by their Gretchin where they can keep a close eye on things.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Runtherd	4	4	4	4	4	1	3	2	7

SPECIAL RULES

Runtherdz may act as Champions for units of Snotlings and Gretchin. No other Orks may lead Snotlings and Gretchin because they consider it to be a waste of time.

PAINBOYZ

Painboyz are also known as Docs and their chief concerns are surgery and tooth pulling – the latter to pay their usually exorbitant bills as Orks use teeth as currency. When an Ork is really badly injured, if he has lost an arm or leg for example, he may decide to risk engaging a Painboy to either graft on a new one or fit a mechanical substitute. Orks take very well to transplants, and no-one asks where the donors come from.

If he is lucky the injured Ork will get a new mechanical arm which is better than his own and which incorporates a useful weapon too. However, he can be unlucky. For a start, Mekboyz are a bit wayward and often decide to improve upon the design of prosthetics in their own way. This can be annoying to the customer who suddenly finds himself to be

the owner of Mek Blag's Mk1 Exploding Leg... especially if it was his arm that needed attention. This is nothing compared to the risk of waking up from the anaesthetic (a funny name for a big mallet) to find yourself the victim of the Painboy's latest barmy biological experiment. This is all part and parcel of the risks of surgery, and regarded as just one of those things. As all Painboyz are plainly bonkers and totally obsessed with experimenting on their patients, it is only to be expected that customers sometimes end up slightly disappointed.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Painboy	4	4	4	4	4	1	3	2	7

MEKANIAKS

Mekaniaks are a type of Oddboy. They are natural mechanics and innovators and are responsible for inventing and building most of the bizarre machinery that the Orks use. Mekaniaks are also known as Mekboyz, Meks and Greasy Bodgers (though not to their face, if you know what's good for you). Mekboyz are obsessed with squeezing more power out of their engines and building bigger and more devastating weaponry. They usually take to the battlefield armed with one of their own inventions. Often this will be a heavy and improbably large combi-weapon which is basically several different weapons welded together into one huge super-gun! A Mekboy's experimental weapon may well blow up in his face, but it's worth it for the one in a hundred occasion when his

invention performs spectacularly well, winning the entire battle and proving that he is indeed the best Mekboy of all.

Mekboyz are especially common amongst the Evil Sunz, whose love of speed and noise is entirely in keeping with the activities of the Mekboyz. The Evil Sunz pride themselves on building the fastest buggies and loudest bikes, and their Mekboyz spend hours happily tinkering with their machines.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Mekboy	4	4	4	4	4	1	3	2	7



WEIRDBOYZ

Weirdboyz are by far the strangest of the Oddboyz. All Orks unconsciously generate a certain amount of psychic energy. The reasons for this are uncertain, but it could go a long way towards explaining their strong sense of common purpose and the uncanny way that tribes have of gathering together when the time comes for a big war. It is as if the Orks' excitement and sense of anticipation were contagious. The ultimate expression of this is the Waaagh! when tribes from many planets gather together under the command of the toughest Warboss of all, known as a Warlord.

Weirdboyz are the most psychic of all the Orks. They absorb the psychic power of Orks around them, and the more Orks there are nearby the higher the psychic charge. Unfortunately the Weirdboy can't control the build up of psychic power within his head and strange things start to happen. For a start the increase in psychic pressure causes the Weirdboy considerable pain – lights flash around his head, sparks fly from his eyes, and raw psychic energy starts to dribble from his mouth, nose and ears. Unless the Weirdboy finds some way to release this pent up energy his head will explode.

A Weirdboy learns how to release this energy in the form of a controlled energy blast or a wave of power which erupts from his mouth and is vomited out like a great blast of fire. This makes the Weirdboy feel much better (for a while at least!) but is a bit inconvenient for those around him. For this reason the Weirdboyz are not allowed to live amongst other Orks, but are forced to live in special Weirdboy houses away from the other Boyz. These houses are built high in the air on copper piles which help to transmit psychic energy away from the Weirdboy and into the ground, much as a conductive wire will earth electricity. The Weirdhouse is guarded and Weirdboyz are not allowed to wander about unless they are escorted by a couple of guards, or Minderz.

When Weirdboyz are allowed out of their confinement they wear gaudily coloured patterned clothes and large belled hats to mark them out so that other Orks can avoid them. They also carry copper staffs which enable them to earth their psychic powers, preventing too great a psychic build up within their brains. It is not unreasonable that other Orks should want to avoid them, because you just can't predict what will happen around a Weirdboy. If a Weirdboy finds himself amongst a bunch of excited Orks the amount of psychic energy they generate will be so great that he may find his powers go out of control. When this happens furniture flies about, guns go off, and all manner of strangeness will manifest itself as the Weirdboy struggles to control himself.

Finally, unless the Weirdboy can let go with a huge psycho-technicolour yawn, his head will explode and the feedback can cause other Orks' heads to explode too. It is hardly surprising that Weirdboyz always look a bit worried and try to avoid the rowdy company of other Orks. They are probably the only Orks who appreciate the virtues of a quiet life!

Weirdboyz don't really enjoy fighting much. The massive psychic energy generated by all of the fighting Orks is intolerable and causes the Weirdboy considerable pain. However, the Weirdboy's powers are immensely useful on the battlefield. The poor Weirdboyz find themselves dragged onto the battlefield by their Minderz and used as living weapons. The Minderz respectfully escort the quaking Weirdboy



towards the enemy ranks. As the Weirdboy soaks up all the raw psychic energy of the Orks around him he desperately clings to his copper staff for relief, but the energy build up is too fast to discharge completely. As the Weirdboy's eyes start to spark and funny lights dance about his head, the Minderz snatch away his copper staff and try to aim his struggling body as carefully as they can towards the enemy.

With a massive stomach wrenching heave the Weirdboy vomits out a great gout of psychic flame, drenching the target in destructive power which dissolves flesh and metal into nothing. This is a great relief indeed to the Weirdboy. Of course, there is always the danger that the Weirdboy will be unable to let go in time, causing his own head to explode into multi-coloured lights and resulting in psychic feedback which kills not only his Minderz but also any other Orks nearby.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Weirdboy	4	4	4	4	4	1	3	2	7
Minder	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	7

SPECIAL RULES

Weirdboyz are always escorted by two burly Minderz who must remain in base contact with him at all times. Their job is to hold the Weirdboy steady and stop him running off, and also to protect him from harm. The Minderz can fight normally as well as hold onto their Weirdboy.

If both of a Weirdboy's Minderz are killed the Weirdboy will try to get away from the excruciating pain of the battlefield by making for the nearest table edge as fast as possible. Once he has left the battle he will not come back.

ORK BOARBOYZ

For as long as any Ork can remember the warboar has been a favoured mount of the warrior Ork. It is a fierce and stubborn beast, with sharp tusks, a thick skull, and the odour of a dung-heap. Although some Orks, notably the Evil Sunz, shun warboars in favour of bikes, buggies and other mechanical contraptions, many Orks prefer the good old warboar with its long tradition of service and unpredictable violent temper. The Snakebites have a long tradition of boar riding and make by far the best Boarboyz, and their breeding stocks are famous for their immense size and vicious behaviour.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ork	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7
Warboar	7	4	0	3	4	1	3	1	3

SPECIAL RULES

Cavalry. Boarboyz are cavalry as described in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook. The rider and warboar are treated as a single model.

Save. Ordinarily cavalry have a +1 saving bonus to take account of the mount. However, the warboar is such a stubborn brute that injuries just make it madder! To represent this, an Ork Boarboy has a +2 saving bonus for his warboar.

Leadership. Warboars are far harder to control than horses and the rider spends much of his time keeping his unwilling mount subdued. This means that a unit of Boarboyz always suffers a -1 Leadership penalty. Any tests made against their Leadership incur this penalty.

Charge Bonus. A charging warboar is a bad-tempered mound of bloody-minded muscle and bone with pointy tusks, sharp teeth and thundering hooves. The impact of this slaving beast is especially dangerous. When the Boarboy charges he receives a +2 combat result modifier instead of the normal +1.

STORMBOYZ

Orks grow up faster than humans but young Orks sometimes take a year or so to find their place in Ork society. As their techno-genes gradually work their influence on the Ork's developing brain, the young Ork struggles to come to terms with his own Orkiness. Orks usually leave the households where they were raised and go to live with other young Orks in a Stormboyz camp.

Every Ork settlement has its own Stormboyz camp which consists of regimented barracks and a big square drill area where the young Stormboyz can parade and practise their weapon drill. It is a very curious phenomenon that while human youngsters are often anarchic and wild, Stormboyz are exactly the opposite: they are rebelliously smart and stern!

The adult Orks find the constant parading and boot-polishing of the Stormboyz distinctly odd and quite funny, but the Stormboyz take it all very seriously indeed.

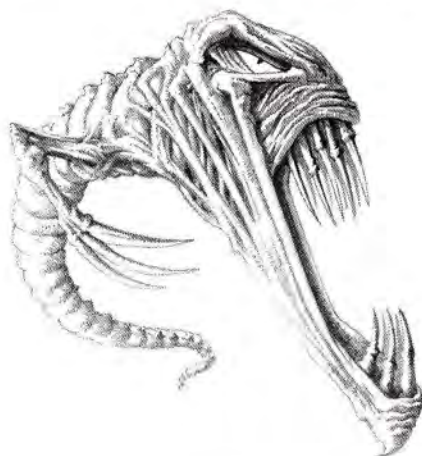
The Stormboyz are naturally eager to get into battle where they can put their battle-drill into practice. They accompany the Orks to war, marching stoically behind the wild and noisy Ork army, trying hard to look as smart and well-drilled as possible.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Stormboy	4	3	3	3	3	1	2	1	7

GNASHER SQUIGS

Most Squigs are relatively harmless but the Gnasher Squig is characterised by its massive gaping mouth studded with razor-sharp teeth. In fact the squig is mostly mouth and tail, its muscular tail being necessary to hang on to the side of the drops where it lives. Gnashers are carnivorous and quite capable of taking a chunk out of anyone using the drops or even swallowing a Snotling whole. Obviously this tends to make the drops a bit too hazardous for anyone's liking, so it is important to catch the Gnashers before they get too big.

Gnashers are also used as part of the raucous squig eating contests which Orks enjoy tremendously. Whether an Ork can swallow a Gnasher before it bites his face off is a matter of considerable speculation and many teeth can change hands as Orks gamble over their chances against this most notorious denizen of the drops.



MADBOYZ

The Ork techno-gene allows Orks to inherit the knowledge and experience of their forebears and enables them to maintain a high level of technology. Unfortunately it doesn't always work out. There are always a few individuals whose genetic influences fail to mesh properly. The Ork finds his mind full of distractions and contradictions. Wild ideas about the universe buzz round his brain. Curious bits of unconnected knowledge keep intruding upon his consciousness. These disturbed Orks are called Madboyz.

While some Madboyz are just plain crazy, others are inspired geniuses whose inventions and ideas are immensely valuable to the Orks. All Madboyz are unpredictable and somewhat anarchic, so they live together and on the battlefield they fight as a single Mob. Other Orks have the utmost respect for Madboyz, whose crazed notions are seen as a sign of favour from the Ork gods Gork and Mork.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Madboy	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7



SPECIAL RULES

Madmob. Madboyz always fight as a single Mob on their own, they cannot be led by any other Ork or benefit from the Leadership bonuses of other Orks.

Mad! Madboyz are extremely unpredictable. Their minds swirl with strange ideas or sudden momentary enthusiasms, and they tend to act as a single body. If one Madboy decides he has lost his boot the whole Mob is likely to become obsessed with the idea of finding it! Such is the way with Madboyz.

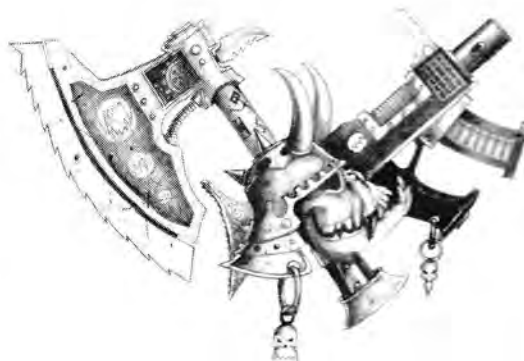
To represent this the Ork player rolls a D6 at the start of the game and consults the chart opposite. This establishes a basic madness for the Madmob. The Mob is subject to the psychology rule indicated from then on.

At the start of his subsequent turns the Ork player roll a D6: on a score of 1-5 nothing happens and the Mob continues to pursue whatever madness has been established, but on the roll of a 6 the Mob changes to another randomly determined madness. Roll a further D6 and consult the chart again.

Should the Madmob be broken then a new madness is established as soon as it rallies – roll a D6 and consult the chart as before.

THE MAD CHART (D6)

D6 Roll	Madness
1	FEAR! The Mob <i>fears</i> all enemy units but is immune to all other psychology rules including terror. It does not fear any weapons and does not have to test just because it is hit by shooting. See the Psychology section of the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook. As far as these guys are concerned the whole world is frightening and it would be far better if they all went home.
2	STUPIDITY! The Mob is very confused and must test for <i>stupidity</i> at the start of their turn as described in the Psychology section of the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook. The Madboyz are immune to all other psychology.
3	HATRED! The Mob <i>hates</i> all of the enemy as described in the Psychology section of the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook. The Madboyz are immune to all other psychology.
4	FRENZY! The Mob is frenzied and is affected by the rules described for <i>frenzy</i> in the Psychology section of the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook. They are immune to all other psychology.
5	IMMUNE TO PSYCHOLOGY! The Madmob is completely unaffected by any of the psychology rules and will automatically pass any Break test or other Leadership-based test it is required to make.
6	CRAZY! The Madboyz are really crazed this time, convinced that they are super-strong, invulnerable, or ultra-fast. The unit becomes immune to psychology/Break tests exactly as defined for 5 above. In addition, add +1 to one characteristic (roll a D6): 1=M, 2=WS, 3=BS, 4=S, 5=T, 6=A. This bonus lasts while the Madboyz are crazy and is deleted when they change their madness



Griznak stuck his head up over the lip of the gully. A bolter shell whined past his cheek. He ignored it and studied the scene. Yes, the bridge over that acid river was still there. Yes, the humies in red armour were still there too.

Another shell ricocheted off the ground in front of him and whizzed over his helmet. Griznak dropped back down into the gully and surveyed his weary ladz contemptuously. There were more than a dozen towering Goff warriors in the gully. A couple of dozen Gretchin accompanied them. Griznak wasn't sure exactly how many – he couldn't count that high.

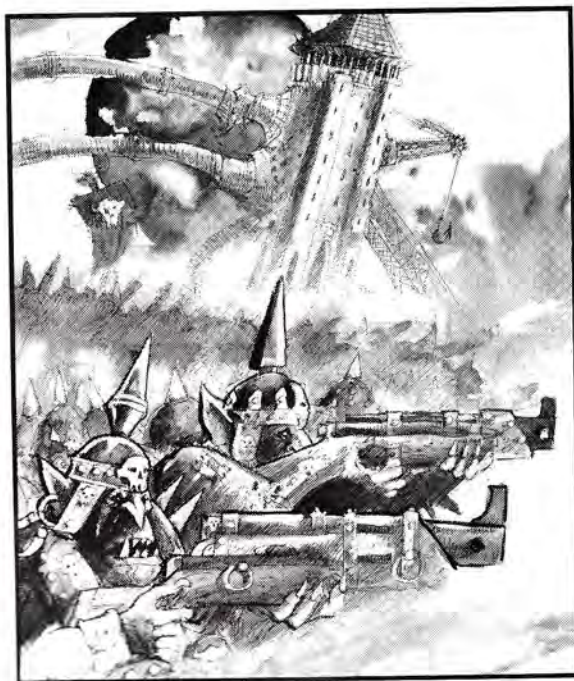
"Call yourselves Orks?" he asked in his most sarcastic tone.

"Nar, Boss, we call ourselves Gretchin," replied Buggi the Gretchin. Griznak cuffed the little greenskin on his large pointed ear. The Gretchin yelped and scuttled down the gully, trying to get out of reach. Griznak applied a touch of his hob-nailed boot to Buggi's backside to help him on his way.

"I wozn't talkin to yer," he growled. "I woz talkin' to da ladz."

The rest of the Gretchin clutched their autoguns tighter and shuffled their feet in relief. A few of them giggled nervously. They had long ago learned that having a Goff Boss annoyed at them was a very unpleasant experience. Griznak turned his angry red-eyed gaze back on his fellow Goffs. If it was possible for a mob of huge, burly green-skinned warriors armed with axes and bolt pistols to look sheepish then these Orks looked sheepish. They inspected their steel toe caps as if they might find a succulent squig just under their boots.

The row of horned helmets that pointed at him



reminded Griznak of a circle of moonbison he had once seen when hunting back on Jagga. They always turned in a circle and presented their horns to any threat. That was when they were at their most dangerous. Hopefully the same would be true of his ladz.

Maybe that idea was a sign from Gork and Mork, Griznak thought. Maybe the favour of the two god brothers was about to be restored to the Waaagh-Ghazghkull. It certainly had been conspicuous by its absence recently. Maybe their fortunes were about to change. The gods knew they needed it.

"Call yerselves Goffs?" Griznak enquired angrily. "I've seen squigs wiv more backbone."

"Dat ain't fair, Boss," ventured Grund. "Da humies at da bridge woz tuff. Dey woz da big wunz. Da wunz in red armour."

"Dat's why dey woz so fast, Boss," added Mazdak. "Everybody knowz dat a lik of red paint makes things go fasta."

"We only came back for a bit of a rest!" added Grund.

"Yer, we woz tired!" Mazdak yawned conspicuously.

"Sharrit!" bellowed Griznak. "I don't wanna 'ear any hexcuses! Ya didn't take da bridge. Dat's all I know. Ya couldn't even take a bridge from a bunch of stinkin' humies! Maybe yer gettin soft!"

He shook his head sadly. "And ya call yerselves Goffs. I dunno. More like a bunch a bleedin' Gretchin if ya ask me."

"Dat ain't fair, Boss. We izn't no Gretchin. We woz just surprised, dat's all," said Grund.

"Yer, surprised," agreed Mazdak. "Surprised dat dey started shootin' at uz."

Grund glared at his fellow Goff. It had all been going well till Mazdak opened his mouth. Griznak clenched his fist impatiently. In the distance he could hear a warbuggy moving towards the front line. The 'ere-we-go, 'ere-we-go chant of its passengers rang out over the sands, audible even at this distance. A few of the Orks fired their bolters into the air enthusiastically. Just for a moment Griznak wished he were with them.

This was not what he had expected when the power of the Waaagh filled him, and he had joined with his fellows under the war banner of Ghazghkull Thraka, the Great Warlord. He had expected lots of loot and good fighting. He had expected to give the humies a good seeing-to. He had not expected the stubborn resistance of the defenders or the enormous casualties suffered by both sides.

Griznak didn't mind the death. He was an Ork. The senseless waste of life didn't appall him. He applauded it. He lived to fight. Fighting was what

life was all about. Death was part of fighting, everybody knew that, from the youngest Wildboy to the oldest Nob. Every Ork accepted death the way he accepted the possibility of a buggy accident. It was what happened to someone else. And if it did happen to you, so what? Your soul went back to Gork and Mork to be belched into another body so you could fight again.

No it wasn't that he feared death. It was just that he was starting to get lonely. All his old drinking buddies were gone now. Zog Nosebiter had taken a bolter shell through the brain at the battle of Helsreach in the bitter hand-to-hand fighting round the dockyard cranes. That had surprised Griznak, he had always thought Zog's skull was thick enough to stop any shot. Gork knew there was little enough brain in there to hit.

Slugoff had been run over by one of those big humie tanks as he tried to climb up its tracks and drop a grenade into its turret. The sight of his body, crushed flat, with tread marks across its chest had been more than a little disturbing to look at, even for an Ork as battle-hardened as Griznak.

Rogviler had gone down in hand-to-hand combat with some of those Rough Riders. An explosive-tipped lance had torn him apart. Who would have thought that those humies would have ridden their horses across the blazing sands? Who would have thought the horses could survive in these deserts of ash and slag? The terrible heat should have killed them yet it had not. Perhaps they had somehow been altered to survive here. Griznak wondered what they would taste like. He had long been of the opinion that horses were good for only one thing - eating.

Manurk had been killed at Hades in combat with old evil eye Yarrick himself. Griznak shuddered. It was said that Yarrick could kill an Ork just by looking at him. If it were true, Griznak would not be surprised. In this war many strange things happened. This was a terrible world.

Storms swallowed entire mobs of warriors. Rivers of corrosive chemicals ate Orks down to the bone. That was why the bridge was so important. It had to be taken so that the Orks could use it to scarper if things went wrong.

Griznak did not like the idea of scarpering, it implied that things were going badly, that there was some need to retreat and re-group in order to fight another day. Such things should not happen during a Waaagh, memory that was rooted right down in his cells told him. Waaaghs were triumphs, where hordes of Orks and Gretchin overwhelmed their foes and enslaved worlds. Waaagh-Ghazghkull in particular should not fail, for Ghazghkull Thraka was the greatest Ork Warlord who had ever lived.

Yet something told Griznak that this was exactly what was happening. Somehow this vast desert world was defeating them. No longer did the



towering hive cities fall easily to the onrushing horde. No longer did human armies crack and run before the relentless green tide. Reinforcements had started to arrive from off-world. The accursed Space Marines had dropped from orbit and turned the tide against the Waaagh. The factories of the hive cities had started to churn out tanks and guns and provisions for the human armies while the Orks starved and ran out of ammunition. The once shattered and demoralised human armies had reformed and re-grouped and were starting to carry the war to the Orks.

Griznak was low in the hierarchy of the Waaagh but somehow he knew all this, it haunted his dreams as it haunted the dreams of all the other Orks. He had a dim presentiment that his people were losing, and that was not an idea that he liked.

"Right, lissen!" he bellowed. All eyes turned on him. "We gotta take dat bridge. Once we got it we can nip over da river and give da humies a taste of bootleather. An' dis time we're gonna do it. No excuses! No maybes! No we can't do it, Boss. Dis time we is gonna grab it and 'old it an' I'll tell ya why? Coz I'm gonna lead yer and anybody who turns and runs is gonna taste my axe. Get the idea?"

"Yes, Boss," chorused Ork and Gretchin alike.

"Good! Coz you iz part of the Waaagh-Ghazghkull and you is gonna act like it. Now, get yer weapons ready and get ready ta leg it for da bridge. Gretchins give us coverin' fire, you ladz make sure yer axes iz sharp!"

Griznak surveyed his troops. They looked as ready as they ever would be. "Go!" he shouted.

The ladz threw themselves forward out of the gully. Almost immediately bolter shells started to whine round about them. Griznak did not even flinch. He leaped forward, bolt pistol blasting, knowing that this time the bridge would be theirs.

THE ELDAR

The Eldar race has a long and complex spacefaring history, so long in fact that little is known for certain about the course of their physical evolution and early planet-bound existence. A great deal of the Eldar's own understanding of their origins was lost when the original Eldar home world and thousands of colony planets were destroyed during a catastrophic collapse more than ten thousand years ago. Exactly what happened to the Eldar is not fully understood by the humans of the Imperium. The Inquisition records on the matter are a subject of an indefinite Inquisition Seal of Heresy (the Inquisato Relinquo).

The Eldar themselves never speak of the Fall, as they call it, to other races. Whatever occurred was clearly a great calamity, for it led to the destruction of all the Eldar worlds along with all who lived there. Of the ancient and sophisticated race of the Eldar only a few desperate remnants escaped. Dark rumours tell of worlds swallowed by the warp, and whisper of a people become careless and corrupt so that the darkest daemons of their own minds overcame them. The only thing that is indisputable is that today the area of the galaxy once home to the ancient Eldar worlds is instead dominated by the Eye of Terror, the most extensive area of warp-real space overlap in the galaxy. It has become an infernal region, a Realm of Chaos uninhabitable by creatures of ordinary flesh and blood. These hellish worlds are ruled by Daemon Lords of Chaos, the most mighty servants of the Chaos Gods themselves. The physical laws of the material universe no longer apply there, and the

landscapes assume nightmarish qualities at the whim of their overlords. Could it be that in the Eye of Terror the captive souls of long dead Eldar scream in eternal torment under the lash of sadistic daemons? To the Eldar such matters are the stuff of dark terror.

Eldar are physically similar to humans, although not entirely identical by any means. They have long, elegant limbs and fine ascetic features with penetrating and slightly slanted eyes. Their ears are also slightly pointed but otherwise they could pass as human at first glance. The most obvious difference between humans and Eldar is revealed when they move, for the movements of an Eldar radiate an inhuman grace which has an eerie, almost supernatural quality. This is true of their slightest gestures and can be seen in the disturbing dexterity with which an Eldar holds and manipulates the smallest object. Their whole manner is somewhat aloof and detached, which makes it very hard for humans to understand them.

The Eldar have never recovered from the great tragedy when their worlds were consumed by Chaos. This loss gnaws at their consciousness and embitters their hearts. They know that they have failed, that there is no hope for them, and yet continue to cling to the universe by their very fingernails. Perhaps it is their hatred for Chaos that drives them on, but perhaps it is their own failure which they cannot face or acknowledge, or their own arrogance and sense of superiority which is impossible to humble. To the Adepts of Earth the Eldar are a mysterious race haunted by their past tragedy and impossible to predict or befriend. They are more often ally than enemy to the Imperium, yet the two races owe each other nothing and conflicting interests have driven them to war on occasions.

Although all of the original Eldar worlds were destroyed during the Fall, some did escape. A few amongst the Eldar obviously recognised the dangers, and fleets of spacecraft were prepared to evacuate. Today the Eldar race lives on gigantic Craftworlds, spacecraft which have grown around those original fleets to become artificial worlds in space. These Craftworlds preserve all that is left of the Eldar civilisation. The records that they contain are the only remnant



THE ELDAR MOONS

Although the whereabouts of the original Eldar home world is lost, it is known that the world had three moons: Lilieth the Maiden Moon, which was white; Kurnous the Hunter's Moon, which was greenish and dim; and Eldanesh, the Red Moon. According to the legends embodied in the Dance of Asuryan, when Khaine slew Eldanesh the dead Eldar Lord was turned into a moon and coloured blood red in memory of Khaine's bloody-handed deed. The moon is always said to be a symbol of bad fortune and even today the Eldar regard the symbol of the red moon as a portent of disaster.

of a once proud and numerous people. Today they are few in number and continue to decline.

No-one knows exactly how many Craftworlds there are, not even the Eldar themselves, for the evacuation of their worlds was hurried and many ships disappeared into the void. The largest and most important of those identified by the Imperium are Alaitoc, Iyanden, Biel-tan, Saim-hann and Ulthwé. There are many more smaller Craftworlds, including the mysterious Black Library, the doomed Craftworld of Meros, and the legendary lost Craftworld of Ctho. Undoubtedly there are Craftworlds which have yet to make contact with either the Imperium or the main body of Eldar Craftworld civilisation.



Over the thousands of years that they have existed the Craftworlds have grown organically, as areas have been abandoned or rebuilt, and new outer shells created. These vast craft float through the void, self-sufficient in everything they need, entire worlds in space. Each Craftworld is an independent realm that governs and protects its own people and which has many of its own cultural idiosyncracies. The Eldar Craftworlds sometimes act mutually, combining forces for military expeditions, trading, and exchanging knowledge, but not all have a tradition of friendship with each other. Most strange of all is the Craftworld of Dorhai, which refuses to deal with other Craftworlds at all, believing themselves the only untainted survivors of the Fall and maintaining that other Craftworlds are infested with the seeds of Chaos.

The Eldar do not, indeed cannot, use warp travel in the same way as the humans of the Imperium. For some dark reason they do not speak of, the warp is a hostile environment to them. The Eldar Craftworlds are interconnected by a complex web of warp space tunnels through which the Eldar can move from one Craftworld to another. The web interconnects some planets too, where the Eldar Craftworlds have established new colonies. The Eldar have also discovered and made contact with far flung colonies which survived the Fall. These pre-Fall survivors are called Exodites.



This network of warp tunnels allows the Eldar to travel easily between a limited number of places, but makes it impossible for them to travel outside their web. Warp displacements, the loss of some nodal points in the form of smaller Craftworlds, and the destruction of some planets, have disrupted the web over the centuries. Some areas are cut off, others accessible only periodically or at great danger, while most journeys involve complex re-routing via several Craftworlds.

The armies of the Eldar are not military forces in the way of humans. Every Eldar is a trained fighter able to defend the Craftworld against enemy attack. There are far too few Eldar



for things to be otherwise. The mass of Craftworld inhabitants fight as Guardians, an apt title for these troops as their role is primarily to guard the Craftworld. Guardians can be male or female, for the Eldar make no distinction when it comes to protecting their homes from enemy attack. All Eldar are determined fighters, cold and murderous warriors who give and expect no pity. Their usual weapon is the *shuriken*, a magnetically charged projector which fires a hail of mono-molecularly sharp discs. The discs are no bigger than the width of a palm, but their edges are so sharp that they slice straight through armour, severing limbs and tearing apart flesh.

The Guardians are respected by all enemy forces they meet, but they are as nothing compared to the Aspect Warriors. These masked warriors fight with the ferocity of daemons and their fighting skills exceed those of the Guardians many times over. To human eyes these warriors exhibit supernatural speed and dexterity. To the Eldar the Aspect Warriors merely represent what an Eldar can do when he devotes his entire powers to one purpose. The Eldar possess minds and bodies honed to a pitch of perfection impossible for humans to imagine. When an Eldar devotes his or her whole self to a single pursuit then he does so with a mystical intensity that transforms the individual utterly.

The Aspect Warriors are the ultimate warriors in mind and body, their entire being is absorbed with the aspect of the Eldar character that lusts for blood and death. This is why Eldar Aspect Warriors are so dangerous. They have expunged from their minds all the qualities extraneous to their lives as warriors. This is a strange and terrifying thing to the Eldar because their mental commitment is so strong that it is possible for their personalities to become permanently entrapped in the Warrior Aspect. Those who have become trapped on the warrior path are called Exarchs – lost souls doomed to an eternity of battle.

AVATAR

At the heart of every Craftworld sits the Avatar, its own incarnation of the Bloody-handed God of the Eldar, Kaela Mensha Khaine. Aroused from his throne of smouldering iron, the Avatar leads the warriors of his Craftworld to battle. Huge and all-powerful, the Avatar is a god incarnate, the embodiment of the Eldar racial soul, and a deadly opponent even for the most mighty powers of Chaos.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Avatar	6	10	10	8	8	7	10	5	10

SPECIAL RULES

Commander. If the Avatar is included in the Eldar army he is always the commander, even if some other character has an equivalently high Leadership value.

Psychology and Leadership. The Avatar cannot be affected by psychology in any form and will automatically pass any Leadership-based test he is called upon to take. The Avatar can never be broken and never needs to take a Break test.

Iron Body. The Avatar's body is fashioned from burning iron and its blood is glowing magma. As such it has a natural resistance to damage from ordinary weaponry. The Avatar has a saving throw of 2 or more on a D6 in the same way as armour. However, unlike ordinary armour, a weapon's saving throw modifier cannot reduce the Avatar's saving throw to worse than 4 or more. Even a hit from a weapon with a high saving throw modifier (eg, a lascannon with -6) cannot reduce the Avatar's saving throw to worse than 4.

Terror. The Avatar causes *terror* as described in the Psychology section of the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook. Remember that any creature which causes *terror* automatically causes *fear* as well.

Special Invulnerabilities. The Avatar's supernatural metabolism is based on molten metal at an incredible temperature. Weapons which are heat-based are therefore useless against the Avatar. These include melta weapons, plasma weapons, flamers, and equivalent grenade and missile types. The Avatar cannot be harmed by these weapons in any way.

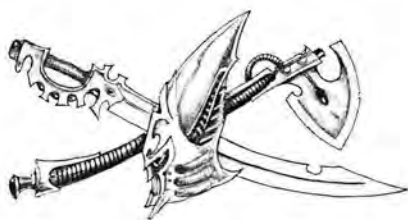


At the heart of every Craftworld there is a sealed chamber. Within this chamber, upon a throne of smouldering iron, sits an Avatar of the bloody-handed god, Kaela Mensha Khaine, the old god of the Eldar now driven into fragmented exile in the material universe by Slaanesh, the Bane of the Eldar. The Avatar sits as still as a statue of ancient metal, pitted with age and encrusted with the patina of corrosion. His eyes reveal only an empty shell. The chamber that surrounds him is built of gleaming wraithbone whose skeletal structure stretches throughout the entire Craftworld, its strands connecting every part to the throne of the Avatar.

When the Eldar prepare for war their thoughts and their souls are directed to their bloody purpose. The Avatar begins to glow as the heat of his fiery blood is kindled. His metal heart begins to quicken and his iron flesh begins to pulse with life. Liquid iron boils through his veins and his smouldering skin crackles and hisses like a furnace. As the Avatar stirs upon his iron throne the whole Craftworld reverberates with power. The Eldar Exarchs and Aspect Warriors sense the psychic vibrations beating through the wraithbone, spreading through the naked ribs of its caverns and chambers. The shrines of the Warrior Aspects begin the rituals of preparation as the battle-call of Kaela Mensha Khaine, the Bloody-handed God, fills the Eldar with an unquenchable thirst for blood.

ASPECT WARRIORS

There are many different types of Aspect Warrior, each served by its own shrine on its Craftworld. Every individual Aspect represents one, tightly delineated aspect of warfare. Some Aspects concentrate on proficiency in hand-to-hand combat, others on marksmanship, some use heavy armour, others are fast and rely upon mobility. It is impossible to say how many individual Aspects there are. Some, such as the weirdly terrifying Slicing Orbs of Zandros, are confined to a single shrine in only one Craftworld. Others represent warrior cults common to many Craftworlds. The Warrior Aspects common to all the most important Craftworlds are the Dire Avengers, Striking Scorpions, Dark Reapers, Fire Dragons, Swooping Hawks and Howling Banshees. Each has its own distinctive style of dress and method of warfare, including a particular type of weapon. These are briefly described below.



Dire Avengers

The Dire Avengers wear blue costumes with distinctive high crested helmets. They are the most numerous of all the Aspect Warriors and they have shrines on all the Craftworlds. Dire Avengers are the most tactically flexible of all Aspect Warriors and they are armed with the shuriken catapult – a weapon perfected by the Eldar and especially deadly in the hands of the Dire Avengers.

Fire Dragons

The Fire Dragons are less numerous than the Dire Avengers and their favoured mode of warfare is more specialised. They wear red, orange or other fiery colours and carry a meltagun which delivers a blast of intense heat.

Swooping Hawks

The Swooping Hawks wear cunningly constructed wings made up of vibrating feather plates. The pitch and vibration of these plates turns the wings into a blur of colour and carries the Eldar high into the air from where they can swoop down upon their enemies. The Swooping Hawks' costumes are coloured grey and blue to reflect the background colour of sky. Their wings are coloured in brilliant vibrant shades which create dazzling polychromatic patterns when in flight.

Striking Scorpion

The Striking Scorpions are amongst the most powerful of the hand-to-hand fighting Warrior Aspects. Their green armour is especially thick and resilient and every shrine has its own individual system of yellow, black or orange patterning. Striking Scorpions carry powered saw-toothed swords called chainswords as well as shuriken pistols, but their own unique weapons are the mandiblasters worn like tusks on either side of the warrior's helmet. These are short range laser weapons which are used to deliver a deadly energy sting in close combat.

Dark Reapers

The Dark Reapers are the most heavily armed of the common Aspects. Their black armour is made from heavy interlocked plates and they have heavy lower leg armour to stabilise their bodies so that they can aim and fire more accurately. Dark Reapers are armed with a deadly long ranged missile launcher and their role is to provide long range supporting fire. The weapon relays an enhanced targeting image into the warrior's helmet via the receptor vanes, making it almost impossible for a Dark Reaper to miss.

Howling Banshees

The Howling Banshees are the most lightly equipped of the most common types of Aspect Warrior. They are swift and mobile troops who are most deadly in hand-to-hand fighting. Their banshee masks contain psychosonic amplifiers which magnify their battle screams into mind-destroying barrages. This inflicts a severe shock to the central nervous system of the Eldar's foe causing momentary paralysis. Their costumes are bone-coloured while their flaming shock of hair is orange. Most Howling Banshees are female, although any Warrior Aspects can be male or female.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Dire Avenger	5	4	4	3	3	1	6	1	9
Fire Dragon	5	4	4	3	3	1	4	1	9
H. Banshee	6	4	4	3	3	1	6	1	9
S. Scorpion	5	4	4	3	3	1	6	1	9
Swooping Hwk	5	4	4	3	3	1	6	1	9
Dark Reaper	4	4	4	3	3	1	4	1	9



GUARDIANS



Every Eldar is trained and ready to fight if need be and the Guardians are the Craftworld's most numerous body of fighting troops. Every Craftworld has a distinctive style of clothing typified by the use of certain colours and patterns. These are not a fixed uniform as such and vary considerably from squad to squad and even between individuals within squads. For example, the Guardians of Ulthwe are known as the Black Guardians after the predominant colour of their uniforms.

Black is the Eldar colour of mourning and the Craftworld of Ulthwe has much to mourn, for it lies close to the Eye of Terror and has suffered the attacks of Chaos warbands many times in its long history.

Other Craftworlds use equally distinctive colours or combinations of colours. Alaitoc favours blue or a striking mixture of blue and yellow, for example, while Saim-Hann has red or fiery orange uniforms, and Biel-tan uses white, grey or pale green.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Guardian	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	8

WARLOCKS

The Eldar are a psychically sensitive race and have the inner strength to develop their powers in many extraordinary ways. Eldar who choose this path are called Seers. A Seer uses mystic runes to focus his powers, enabling him to foretell the future, and he carries spirit stones containing the spirits of long dead Seers as his spiritual guides. Some Seer's powers go far beyond prediction and these more powerful individuals are called Warlocks. A Warlock can focus energies in destructive as well as creative ways, sending psychic blasts hurling from

his mind. He can also carry a psychically attuned Witch Blade, a weapon which contains a helix-shaped psychic matrix through which he can channel his own energies.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Warlock	5	4	4	3	4	1	7	1	9
Warlock Champion	5	5	5	4	5	2	7	1	9
Warlock Master	5	6	6	4	5	3	8	2	9

The Path of the Warlock wends along the past, present and future alike. His mind is free of the constraints of time, and his destiny and promise are merged into a single state of being.

Historicus Ostalan Varus



FARSEERS

The most powerful Seers of all are the Farseers of which every Craftworld has only a very few. They do not normally wake, but spend their time in a state of trance, their spirits roaming at will through the wraithbone, directing the psycho-energy flow throughout the entire Craftworld. Their visionary skills enable the Eldar to avoid the dangers that beset the Craftworlds, exploring the possible future paths that lie ahead, and determining how those paths may be altered. A Farseer does not normally fight in the Eldar's wars, but in times of desperate need his incomparable powers will be employed on the battlefield.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Farseers	5	7	7	4	5	4	9	3	10

As Farseers grow older their minds become so closely linked with the wraithbone core of their Craftworld that their physical bodies grow dormant. Eventually a Farseer of great age will retreat to the Dome of Crystal Seers. Here the ship's wraithbone core breaks through into a broad bio-dome where groves of wraithbone trees reach out into space. Once inside the dome the Farseer's body gradually crystallises and takes root amongst the trees, until eventually he turns entirely to crystal. His spirit is freed into the Craftworld itself, preserved forever within the psycho-conductive wraithbone infinity circuit. Other Eldar sometimes wander through the Dome of Crystal Seers to look upon the Farseers of Old whose forms are preserved forever amongst the glades of wraithbone trees.



ELDAR SCOUTS

The confinement of the Craftworld homes can become oppressive for the Eldar, some of whom choose to spend part of their lives as wanderers away from their home worlds. These adventurers form the bulk of spacecraft crews, but many are lonely figures, travellers who often leave Eldar society altogether and travel amongst the worlds of men. These Eldar adventurers are the only Eldar likely to be encountered by men except on the battlefield. They are gaunt and haunted figures, torn between the love of their Craftworld homes and the greater glories of the forbidden universe. Their instincts lead them to lives of danger, seeking lost civilisations, rooting out the hidden threat of Chaos, and visiting the ancient Exodite clans on the far rim of the galaxy.

Eldar Scouts are resilient, independent, world-weary warriors used to looking after themselves. Those who survive often return to their Craftworld to settle down into a more conventional life, but most do not return, they die deep in

space, alone with their secret anguish, their spirit stones drifting forever in the darkness. When a Craftworld is threatened its Scouts may hear its psychic distress call, take up their weapons and come home to war again.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Eldar Scout	5	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	8

SPECIAL RULES

Infiltration. Eldar Scouts may use the Infiltration rule as described in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.

Dispersed Formation. Eldar Scouts may use the Dispersed Formation rule as described in the Squads section of the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.

Mouth open in a silent scream, Kelmon sat bolt upright on his sleeping mat.

The Eldar studied his chamber. Responding to his wakefulness the glow-crystals had already lit, driving back the darkness. Out of the corner of his eye he caught sight of something moving in the shadowy corners of the room. Animal eyes caught the light and glittered. Kelmon exhaled slowly, recognising the creature.

The long grey cat bounded into his arms. It too seemed nervous, as if it sensed his fear. Kelmon stroked the creature with long, thin delicate fingers, as much to calm himself as to calm his pet. He took deep breaths of the cinnamon-tinted air, smelled the reassuring scent of spices and perfumes that filled the Craftworld's atmosphere. Through his psychic senses he felt the slight vibration in the fabric of spacetime as the Craftworld moved along its warline, hurtling through a fault line in the structure of the universe towards its eventual destination.

Responding to his mood, the psychoharp began to play a calming tune. Kelmon silenced it with a wave of his hand. He did not wish to be calmed. Something strange and terrible was happening here.

Already the nightmare was starting to fade, and that in itself was worrying. He was a Farseer, trained in all forms of augury, including the interpretation of dreams: trained to remember them, not to forget. He sensed power at work here, power of the darkest sort.

As he concentrated flashes of the nightmare returned. He saw his Craftworld Iyanden lying dead in space. He saw the domes that protected the great Iolar trees and all that was left of the biosphere of their long dead home worlds smashed. The charred petals of bloodroses hung silent and weightless in space. The flash-frozen remains of plants and animals drifted through the bowls of the trees. The corridors were empty save for the frozen corpses of dead Eldar caught in the act of donning protective armour. The chambers where the Bonesingers crafted ships from wraithbone drawn from the ether lay empty. Even the soul-gems connected to the Infinity Circuit, last home of the Craftworld's millions of dead, were dull and lifeless.

Trapped in the world's core the Avatar raged, impotent and powerless to escape his chamber now that there was no-one left to call him. In the bridge, the brilliant chamber from which the Craftworld was navigated, something dreadful waited. Something that wore the shape of an Eldar yet was not. Something that had baleful fires glittering in its dead eyes, something malignant and ancient and evil. At the recollection of it, Kelmon wanted to scream again.

So potent was this vision of horror that the Farseer willed the activation of his seeing orb. Instantly

pictures from around the Craftworld drifted into view. He saw the great dome-gardens and the Eldar who tended them lovingly. The Iolars bloomed bringing forth their pastel blossoms, a living reminder of the worlds lost to his people since the Fall. He looked upon the crowded chamber where the Aspect Warriors in the distinctive curved armour of the Eldar race practised the disciplines of their chosen martial role.

He saw the Hall of Mists where Banshees leaped through the intricate kicks and steps of the Dance of Skulls, sparring as much as dancing while their sisters struck tambor-drums in time with their movements. He saw the Hall of Falcons where the Swooping Hawks flew and duelled in weightlessness, dodging and weaving and bouncing from walls and floors and ceilings. He saw the Cavern of Night where Dark Reapers practised on the firing ranges with their awesomely destructive missile launchers. He saw the Hall of Dunes where Striking Scorpions fought practice skirmishes in close terrain, their mandiblasters spitting poison death.

He saw the Dragon Rest where amid leaping flames the Dragons meditated on the nature of their incendiary weapons. He inspected the Chamber of Lost Souls where the Exarchs, mighty warriors frozen forever in the discipline of their Aspect, honed their skills to ultimate, sterile perfection. These areas all teemed with life.

With a twist of his will, he focused the psychotropic crystal on the bridge. Everything here seemed normal. The Farseer on duty stood on the great raised command dais and studied the pattern of his runestones. In the Hall of Ghosts technicians made adjustments to the chassis of the Wraithguard, all the while communing with the spirits in the soulstones who provided constant technical update.

Everything seemed well and Kelmon was reassured. He let himself relax slightly and poured out a glass of spiced wine. The tart subtle taste of the stuff tingled on his tongue. It was a good vintage he knew, nearly two thousand years old. A vintage the Eldar kept to themselves and never traded with humans.

Still, the dream troubled him. He was too experienced a Farseer to simply ignore it. Everything was connected, he knew. Dreams as strong as his nightmare reflected something in the cosmic skein, even if it was only a possibility. He did not doubt that the future he had seen in his dreams lay down one of the many probability lines that radiated from this point in time. For the sake of his peace of mind, and for the possible safety of every living thing on this Craftworld, he knew he was going to have to attempt a reading.

He reached for his pouch of runestones. Closing his eyes he reached into the silk bag and drew one out. Breathing calmly he held it up level with his eyes,

and then opened his hand. The runestone did not drop. It hovered there. Kelmon opened his eyes. The stone was a red one, a bad sign. On it was inscribed the sign of Slaanesh, the devourer of souls. This was the worst of all possible omens. If the influence of the daemon god who had destroyed the ancestral worlds and devoured the spirits of most of the Eldar race was to be felt then this was a matter of the darkest and deepest importance.

Kelmon reached into the bag again and withdrew another stone. It was a twin-colour. One of only two in the sack. One half of the gem was red, the other half blue. Kelmon shuddered. Things were getting worse. He threw the gem into the air. It began a lateral orbit around the first stone, rotating so that first one side then the other was visible to the Farseer. The sign of the Bloody-handed God flickered before Kelmon's eyes first in red and then in blue.

War then, he thought, war with the Powers of Chaos. And soon. The Bloody-handed God orbited close to the sign of Slaanesh. Kaela Mensha Khaine would be unleashed. The folk of Iyanden would have little choice but to follow him, once he was summoned. No, thought Kelmon, there was something odd here. Clarify.

He drew another stone and tossed it into the air. The rune of the Emperor was visible. Worse and worse – the second of the bi-coloured runes. The race of man was involved, man who could turn either to Chaos or fight against it. The Rune of Man took up a position close to the Rune of the Bloody-handed God. It followed it in orbit but kept always its red face towards the Farseer. The men would serve Chaos then – whether wittingly or unwittingly, he did not know. He needed more information.

He closed his fist within the bag, felt three stones snagged within his grasp, released them. One began a slow vertical orbit round the Slaanesh stone. The other two floated one on either side of the moving stones about an arm's length apart.

The vertically orbiting stone was the Scorpion. It was an ambush then. Again soon. The orbit was tight and close around the primary indicator. The second stone floated on the left. It was the Tree of Life. This business was rooted in ancient times then. It flowed from his race's early history. Under the circumstances, it seemed wisest to assume that it was all part of the ancient wars against the Devourer. The right hand stone was the Pathway.

Sudden insight blazed through Kelmon's mind. At the end of this passage they would encounter the servants of Slaanesh. They were jumping to a human world that had fallen to the enemy, the folk of the Craftworld still thought they were going to trade. They might be taken by surprise, ambushed by the minions of Chaos.

He withdrew three more stones which floated into



the pattern. The sign of the Craftworld. The future of Iyanden rested on the outcome. The sign of the balance. The outcome was uncertain. The sign of truth. This was an augments. It was a rarely drawn sign, one that reinforced what Kelmon already thought: that the reading was true and of vital importance.

He bowed his head and cleared his mind, reaching out to touch the stones to link himself into their psychic patterns, to see for himself a portion of the cosmic skein.

Vision blasted his sight. He saw a burning desert and a rebel army. He saw a daemon with four arms, two human, two ending in pincers, standing on a ridge. He saw the daemon devouring a soulstone. He saw warriors clash in the dust and man and Eldar fall dead. Swooping Hawks soared on thermals, Wraithguard strode through the destruction. Massive battle tanks of the sort men called Leman Russ fired shot after shot. The desert exploded, pillars of sand erupting skyward where the shots landed.

He saw Rhino troop carriers race forward, plumes of sand rising in their wake. He saw the daemon turn to look at him with bright jewelled eyes. Pain exploded in his head. The vision faded.

He knew he must warn the others. They must be prepared. War was coming.

EXARCHS

The Exarchs are the high priests of the Bloody-handed God and keepers of the shrines of the Aspect Warriors. They are warriors who have become trapped in their Warrior Aspects, unable to put aside their adopted mental perspective, so that their entire beings are now devoted to war and death forever. This is a danger every Aspect Warrior faces: his mind may become trapped upon the Warrior Path, and he may be unable to recover his full personality. To an Eldar the dangers of mental entrapment are real and horrifying, and the Exarchs are living embodiments of the dangers the Eldar face when they go to war.

An Exarch wears an elaborate and often ancient version of Aspect Warrior armour. From his shrine he takes the spirit stone that contains the departed spirits of all the past Exarchs. He assumes the Sacred Name associated with the stone and his spirit mingles with those of all the Eldar who have borne the stone since the shrine's inception. His personality is lost amongst the greater heroic being that bears the Exarch's name. Memories and experiences of the past merge with his own, his own life become just another stage in the life of the spirit stone, and the heroic warrior is reborn in new flesh.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Exarch	5	6	6	4	4	2	8	2	10



HARLEQUINS

The Harlequins are followers of the strange Eldar god the Great Harlequin, one of only two Eldar gods to survive the Fall. The Harlequins live on no Craftworld but wander from world to world through the network of interspatial tunnels that binds the Craftworlds together. Only they know the whereabouts of the Black Library, for they are the keepers of its terrible secrets about the Fall and the true nature of Chaos.

The Harlequins are warrior troubadours whose carefully constructed masques and impressive displays of mime and acrobatics tell the many strange stories of Eldar mythology. They wear exotic multi-coloured costumes, brightly patterned to represent figures from the Eldar myth cycles. They never show their real faces but conceal them beneath a shifting

costume mask which can assume any image at the will of the Harlequin. When the Harlequins fight in battle their masks are said to reflect the worst nightmares of all those who gaze upon them, causing their foes to quail with supernatural terror.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Harlequin	6	5	5	3	3	1	7	1	10

SPECIAL RULES

Dispersed Formation. Harlequins may use dispersed formation as described in the Squads section of the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.

Fear. Because of the effect of their horrifying shape-shifting masks the Harlequins cause *fear* as described in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.

Flip. Harlequin models which are already engaged in hand-to-hand combat at the start of their turn may 'flip out' of combat during their movement phase. This allows models to remove themselves from the combat engagement without breaking or suffering blows from their enemy. The Eldar warriors use their incredible athleticism to back flip away from danger. A Harlequin who flips out of combat may move his full normal move away from his opponent and may be placed facing in any direction ready to shoot as normal. A Harlequin may not flip out of one combat engagement into another.

Though I have seen within the Black Library and spoken to its most terrible guardian, I can never reveal what happened there; not to any man nor even the Emperor himself for I am so forsworn to powers beyond your knowledge, I can only say that a time of inconceivable horror is about to begin. A time when mankind with all the might of the Imperium cannot endure when the strength of the Eldar fails. Even now, our doom stalks us across the stars.

Inquisitor Czevak at the Conclave of Har
from The Har Transcriptorium

THE SQUATS

The first human colonists reached the worlds around the galactic core in the far distant past. Here they found vast mineral wealth including compounds smelted in the furnaces of dying suns. They discovered strange substances formed at the galaxy's birth before the stabilisation of the laws of physics. The discovery of these almost limitless resources came at just the right time, for Earth's own mineral wealth was by now long exhausted. The exploration and exploitation of the galactic core became imperative for mankind's survival. It was a gamble that paid off. Thousands of specially adapted spacecraft were dispatched to reap the harvest and with them went hundreds of thousands of miners, engineers and explorers. Soon the galactic core became the most densely settled part of the galaxy.

The stars of the galactic core are ancient and dim in comparison with the sun and other stars of the spiral arms. The worlds that spin around these core stars are huge and rocky, rich in minerals but in all other respects barren and lifeless. Daylight levels are low so the worlds are shadowy, sombre places which are inimical to plant life and so impossible to terraform. The gravity of these worlds is great, usually two or three times that of Earth and sometimes even more. Grey, cheerless and inhospitable, it is harder to imagine anywhere less likely to nurture human existence.

The original colonists were hardy miners and explorers, tough frontiers folk who dreamed of finding fabulous wealth and returning back to Earth. They dug homes for themselves in the rocky landscape, creating self-contained communities from the tunnels and load-chambers of exhausted mines. Although huge cargo ships brought food with the colonists, the only way to feed the growing population was to grow nutritive algae in artificially lit hydroponic tanks deep below ground. Dried and processed, this provided a basic material that could be ground into flour, retextured into coarse synthetic foods, or even brewed into crude but highly potent ale.

The high gravity, harsh environment, and monotonous diet gradually had their effect upon the settlers. They became tougher, more resilient, physically shorter and more compact. This process must have taken many thousands of years, during which time the new race began to develop a distinctive cultural identity. It also acquired a new name – Squats – which aptly described their rapidly evolving physique.

THE TIME OF ISOLATION

At some time in the distant past the galactic core was cut off from the rest of human space by devastating warp storms. Many worlds were swallowed by the warp and disappeared forever, others were trapped in stasis and became lost. Most survived although they were separated from Earth and all contact was lost with the rest of the galaxy. During this time of isolation and danger the Squat worlds still in contact with each other began to organise for their mutual defence. It was at this time that the Squats began to refer to their worlds as the Homeworlds.

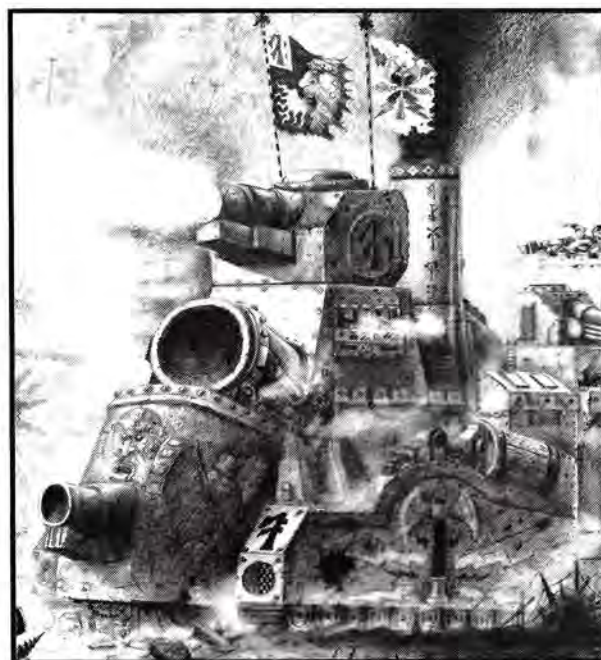
The Homeworlds remained isolated for thousands of years and their inhabitants learned to survive in a universe that was becoming increasingly hostile. With their planets inaccessible

to the human fleets the Squats built their own spacecraft and developed their own weapons to fight off marauding Chaos warbands and plundering Ork Warlords. Some of the Homeworlds were lost to invasion, others were destroyed by environmental instability, and few were devastated by internal strife. Those that survived grew and prospered. Settlements were enlarged and fortified into impregnable strongholds.

Left to fend for themselves the Squats were obliged to develop their own technological base. Not only had they to re-invent complex machines such as spacecraft and advanced weaponry, but they had to keep their life-support systems and hydroponic units active. Without air, heat and food the Squat communities would not be able to survive, and such matters became a priority for them. Fortunately the natural expertise of these hardy miners enabled them to exploit the materials at hand, and they quickly developed alternative technologies to make up for the lack of supplies from Earth.

The warp storms that isolated the Homeworlds lasted for many thousands of years and were only dissipated just over ten thousand years ago. This freed human and Squat spacecraft to travel to and among the Homeworlds again, and contacts were quickly re-established between the former colonies and the newly founded Imperium.

During their isolation the Squats had changed. They were no longer human and their civilisation had taken a divergent path that gave them many advantages over the Imperium. Today the Homeworlds and the Imperium trade for their mutual benefit and, for the most part, enjoy peaceful relations. Squats and humans share many common enemies, including Orks, so it is in both races' interests to co-operate wherever possible. However, relations have not been entirely peaceful by any means. Squats are intensely proud, bluff and straightforward, they take great hurt at any slight to their honour or double-dealing (especially in matters of trade) and are likely to be stubborn in pursuit of retribution.



THE HOMEWORLDS

There are several thousand Homeworlds and it is very likely that there are worlds still awaiting rediscovery after the Time of Isolation. Each world has one or more Strongholds, and each Stronghold is more-or-less an independent community with its own laws, traditions and armed forces. If a world has several Strongholds, as most do, it is usual for one to be pre-eminent, so that it has nominal rule over the other lesser Strongholds. Each of these communities is built over a labyrinth of mine workings which delve deep into the rocky planet. Strongholds are vast and contain everything the Squats need to maintain their civilisation, including workshops, hydroponic plants, power generators and atmospheric pumps.

The size and inhospitable environments of the Homeworlds mean that their surfaces are mostly barren and uninhabited. The Strongholds themselves are havens amongst plains of solid rock and seas of shale and dust. Their atmospheres are mostly composed of inert gases, so it is only possible to survive inside the Strongholds or in one of the outposts dotted over the planet.

Outposts are built for many reasons. Some are simply watch towers whose role is to observe the atmospheric approaches, others house batteries of huge lasers that defend the planet from attack. The most common types of outpost are mines. The Strongholds are situated over the original mine sites. Although these can still be worked it is very time consuming and expensive to do so as the remaining deposits lie deep underground. It is more practical for the Squats to build new mines in ore-rich regions.



To reach their mines the Squats use huge mobile fortresses called Land Trains whose vast tracks enable them to cross the daunting continental shelves and seas of dust. This is a dangerous business, for most of the Homeworlds have thick layers of finely pulverised rock which flow and move very much like water.

It is possible to cross these dust seas, but accidents are common, and Land Trains can sink without trace if they venture into deep dust. The dust itself often has a high ore content and can be mined by factory Land Trains equipped with massive scoops and towing powered track-cars or ore, supplies, or living quarters. The Iron Sea of Grindel is one such region, and the greatest single source of ferrous ore in the entirety of the Homeworlds. Other dust seas are composed of chromium compounds, silica or tiny mineral crystals.

The weather systems of the Homeworlds are unpredictable and, like the planets themselves, on a massive scale. Storms can whip the dust seas into abrasive winds that will reduce a man to bone within seconds and nothing but atoms in the wind within a few seconds more. Such storms can spring up suddenly and without warning, and can last for days or even weeks on end.

Occasionally a dust storm will cover a whole world, plunging it into darkness as the roiling clouds blot out the dim light of the sun completely. At such times it is impossible for aircraft to fly or spaceships to land. The Squats have become used to their harsh worlds and can sense the subtle changes in the breeze that herald a storm. Deep below ground in their Strongholds the Squats are safe from the turmoil above and can survive for years if need be.

THE 700 LEAGUES

Although each Squat Stronghold is independent they have developed relations with each other. Some Strongholds have been allies for thousands of years, and interchange of peoples and cultures has made them virtually one nation. Others are loosely federated to their neighbours and share the duty of patrolling local space and defending outlying planets against the Orks and Chaos. These alliances are usually formed for defence or trading purposes, but they also define power blocks within the Homeworlds, where the most powerful rivals gather together the other Strongholds into mutually supportive Leagues.

Each League is led and dominated by a single powerful Stronghold, and includes other Strongholds which either rely upon their leader for trade and defence, or which identify themselves with their League on cultural or historic grounds. There are currently approximately 700 Leagues in all, the most powerful being the influential League of Thor which includes over 300 Strongholds. The other Leagues are less powerful, and the smallest is the League of Emberg which lies close to the Eye of Terror and includes only four Strongholds.

Other Leagues include the League of Kapellar, which is actually the largest in size, and the League of Norgyr which lies closest to Earth. Although these Leagues, and many others, are permanent institutions, others represent looser or temporary alliances between Strongholds. The total number of Leagues therefore varies, but the most influential remain fairly constant and form the largest united political institutions of the Squats.

Although the Squats have a strong sense of mutual preservation it has been known for rival Leagues to go to war against each other. Such occasions can lead to lasting enmity, for Squats are inclined to remember deeds of infamy for many generations. The League of Thor and League of Grindel fought an unusually bitter war some 2,000 years ago when settlers from both sides clashed over the exploration of the Lost Stronghold of Dargon. The war that followed resulted in the destruction of several Strongholds and the capture of Thungrim and Bruggen by the League of Thor. Peace only came with the huge Ork invasion of Grunhag the Flayer which obliged all the Leagues to co-operate against their mutual foe. Although the war ended with the rout of the Orks the two Leagues have remained distrustful rivals and both sides consider themselves owed heavy debts of blood and honour.

THE GUILDS

When their civilisation was isolated from the rest of human space the Squats found it necessary to preserve the engineering skills and knowledge they possessed for future generations. Their lives depended upon maintaining their Strongholds, generating air and food, and defending their worlds from attack. To this end they evolved a complex system of Guilds. The Guilds drew together all the information and knowledge available and set about recording it for future generations. As the years passed the Guilds became the repositories of knowledge, and Guild training produced all the engineers, miners, and other specialists vital to keep the Strongholds running. With the passage of centuries the Guilds spearheaded research into alternative technologies and invented many of the machines that remain unique to them.

The Guilds extend across all Strongholds and Leagues allowing information to spread throughout the Homeworlds. Initially this was necessary because knowledge and specialist skills were scattered throughout the Homeworlds and had to be drawn together just to enable the Strongholds to survive. As the Guilds developed, they sought to maintain the free passage of information despite the rivalries of individual

Homeworlds. Today the Guilds have become the common factor that unites all the Strongholds, enabling each to benefit from advances in technology and discoveries of ancient knowledge. Although individual Squat Guildsmen are loyal to their own Stronghold they also owe loyalty to their Guild and to the dissemination of knowledge.

The Guild has succeeded in developing several technologies which are exclusive to the Squats, and are not even understood by the Technomagi of the Adeptus Mechanicus on Mars. These include the neoplasma reactor powered by a warp-core and held in thrall by a zero-energy containment field. No other race has developed this technology, and the Adeptus Mechanicus gave up their experiments with warp-cores after the infamous Contagion of Ganymede. The Squats have mastered many other technologies, and have developed still others which they consider too dangerous to use. Although the Guild makes its discoveries available to its own members it keeps its knowledge from other races. In particular the Squats regard the Technomagi of the Adeptus Mechanicus as little better than sorcerers wallowing in superstition and ignorance. This is not entirely true, but the Squats have a practical and straightforward attitude to technology which is very different from the neo-arcana of the Imperium.



THE ORK WARS

The Homeworlds lie close to two of the most dangerous adversaries in the galaxy, the Chaos warbands of the Eye of Terror and the extensive Ork empires of the northern spiral. The Squats have never relented in their struggle against Chaos, and lose no time in tracking down and destroying Chaos raiders. The main threat from Chaos has always been in space, where Chaos warbands attack ships as they move through the warp.

The other great enemy of the Squats are the Orks, although this was not always the case. At one time the Squats were content to leave the Orks alone and even to trade with them to some extent. The Homeworlds are inhospitable to Orks in any case so there was never any great clash of interests between the two races. This state of affairs did not last for very long!

The Squat records of their early history are confused and incomplete, but it is clear that after a short period of mutual trading the Squats found themselves suddenly attacked by massive Ork forces. Caught by surprise several Strongholds fell to the Ork invaders, and only a last ditch defence eventually brought the green-skinned aliens to a halt. The Squats were appalled at the massive loss in life but also by the unashamed treachery of the Orks. The Squats have never forgotten this lesson. Some of the more enduring Squat folk legends tell of the hopeless defence of a beleaguered fortress or a stranded Land Train during the Ork attack. Many wars have been fought against the Orks since the first Ork attack, all bitter conflicts fought to the last proud warrior.

Squats have long memories and never forget an act of treachery or a broken promise. The relationship between the Homeworlds and the Imperium has always been strained, and the history of the two peoples is studded with bouts of war and ill-feeling. Squats are not diplomatic by nature, their brutal manners and fierce tempers do not always inspire confidence in men. Eldar regard them as little more than beasts and only barely preferable to Orks. But the Squats care little for the effete ways of men or the mincing delicacies of the Eldar. Squats are robust in body and bluff in manner, and consider other races fragile and lacking in the good, honest Squat virtues of comradeship and directness.

SQUATS

Squats are fierce and determined fighters. All Squats learn how to use weapons and all are ready to fight in the defence of their Stronghold. The Warriors of each Stronghold form what is known as its fighting Brotherhood, the size of which varies depending on the size of the Stronghold itself. The battleforce of a League could include the Brotherhoods of many Strongholds, each fighting under their own commanders. Squat Warriors are resolute fighters who will usually stand their ground even in the face of impossible odds. Centuries of tunnel fighting beneath their Strongholds have inured them to close quarter warfare using short ranged weapons and axes.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Squat	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9
Champion	3	5	4	3	4	1	3	1	10
Hero	3	6	5	4	5	2	4	2	10
Mighty Hero	3	7	6	4	5	3	5	3	10

SPECIAL RULE

Hate. The Squats have fought many long and bitter wars against the Orks and bear an enduring enmity against the whole greenskinned race. Squats *hate* Orks and Gretchin as described in the Psychology section of the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.



SQUAT ENGINEER GUILDMASTER

The Guild Engineers are the technicians and scientists of the Squat Strongholds, responsible for manufacturing the huge fighting machines and massive weapons of destruction. An Engineer Guildmaster has many special skills which make him an invaluable part of any Squat fighting force, including the ability to repair and recover damaged machines on the battlefield.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Guildmaster	3	6	5	4	5	2	4	2	10

SPECIAL RULES

Hate. The Squats have fought many long and bitter wars against the Orks and bear an enduring enmity against the whole greenskinned race. Squats *hate* Orks and Gretchin as described in the Psychology section of the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.

Repair. An Engineer Guildmaster may attempt to repair a damaged hit location on a vehicle, dreadnought, or a destroyed support weapon, if he can reach it during his next movement phase. He can do nothing else during the turn – he cannot shoot or fight hand-to-hand combat whilst he is attempting a repair. At the end of the turn roll a D6.

D6 Result

- 5-6 **Repair.** The Guildmaster succeeds in putting good all damage sustained in the previous turn.
- 3-4 **Possible Repair.** The damage is extensive but the situation is not hopeless. The damage is not repaired this turn, but you may carry on working for a further turn if you wish. At the end of this further turn the damage will be repaired on a roll of 4+, while a score of 3 or less indicates that the damage is beyond repair. A Guildmaster may do nothing else while attempting a repair.
- 1-2 **Hopeless.** The Guildmaster can do nothing as the damage is beyond his ability to repair.

Of all the races of the universe the Squats have the longest memories and the shortest tempers. They are uncouth, unpredictably violent, and frequently drunk. Overall, I'm glad they're on our side!

Report to the Imperial Guard High Command
(Thuro)

ANCESTOR LORDS

Squats typically live to a great age, often two or three times as long as a human. However, a few Squats live for many hundreds of years, and as they age they develop unusual powers. At first these abilities are relatively modest psychic phenomena, such as second sight, intuitive telepathy and mild psychokinesis. As they get older their powers develop, and their minds become more closely aligned with the warp. Eventually the voices of dead Squats reach out and speak to them, and the ancient Squat becomes an Ancestor Lord.

All the wisdom of the ages is his to command and his powers expand beyond comprehension. The spirits of dead ancestors gather around him, protecting him from the myriad dangers of the warp, and whispering the secrets of ages past. To his people he becomes a revered manifestation of the ancestors, a link between the material world and the warp, and a Squat to be respected and feared.

The Ancestor Lords are advisors to Kings and Guildmasters, the link between the Squat Strongholds and their inalienable past. There are very few in all the Homeworlds, and they travel freely throughout the 700 Leagues, guiding the Squats in their dealings with their friends and foes. Despite their age they are awesome figures of massive girth and strength. They have great gnarled beards that are testament to hundreds of years of constant growth. From beneath huge bushy eyebrows unflinching eyes stare out like dark pools filled with centuries of knowledge.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ancestor Lord	3	8	6	5	6	4	5	4	10



SPECIAL RULES

Hate. The Squats have fought many long and bitter wars against the Orks and bear an enduring enmity against the whole greenskinned race. Squats *hate* Orks and Gretchin as described in the Psychology section of the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.

Strategy Rating. The wisdom of the ancestors is legendary and any General of sound sense will consult with his ancestors before a battle. An army which includes a Squat Ancestor Lord may add +D3 to its Strategy Rating. See the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook for details of how this affects the set-up and turn sequence.

"What....!" bawled Thrund Redbeard as he sprang from his ornately carved throne scattering ale mugs and spilling their contents over the floor. The feasting Squats fell suddenly quiet.

"It's true Lord Thrund, by my father's beard," scowled the messenger, a squint-eyed, ruddy-faced, black-maned Squat by the name of Honest Magam Magrog.

"Curse those damned greenskin scum!" yelled the Squat Lord. He spat upon the floor in disgust and turned his sullen gaze upon the silent Squat revellers who had only a moment before been drinking, singing and telling stories of their heroic exploits.

"Shall we muster the Brotherhood, Lord?" asked Dorak Ironhead, Thrund's most esteemed general and the only Squat known to have beaten him in a formal drinking contest. Suddenly, the hall was filled with the clanking sound of weapons being drawn and readied. One Squat a little worse for drink yelled an incoherent oath and a couple of wild bolter shots rang out punching holes in the grimy ceiling.

"Naaa..." groaned Thrund, "It's only an Ork invasion, not the end of the planet. We'll give 'em a while to tire themselves out crossing the Blighted Waste and chasing the

Chrome Miners."

The assembled Squats nodded sagely at these words and began to fondle their ale mugs impatiently. The silence was quite unbearable and the Squats were beginning to feel uncomfortably thirsty.

"MORE BEER!" yelled Thrund, "MORE BEER! I'm parched as a sand toad's nady bits." The massive Squat Lord waved his huge fists in the air and laughed loudly. "For Grungni's sake," he cried, "will someone bring me MORE BEER!"

A massive drunken cheer went up as several ale casks appeared and the Squats got stuck in to some serious drinking. A loud and vulgar song was struck up by Dorak Ironhead, who was well known to have the best and loudest voice in the entire Hold, and soon the ale was flowing freely once more. Tomorrow they would march to war and the Orks would regret the day they landed in Thrund's Stronghold. Thrund raised his foam-flecked lips from his gigantic tankard and looked at his brawling warriors. He smiled to himself as he muttered into his ale.

"Those Orks stand no chance... no chance at all!"

CHAOS

The nature of the alternate dimension of warp space remains one of the darkest mysteries of the galaxy. Even to the great Technomagi of the Adeptus Mechanicus on Mars the warp represents both the ultimate source of power and the ultimate threat to human existence. The Black Library of the Eldar is said to describe the secrets of its daemonic energy, but its portals are barred by the servants of the Great Harlequin. Perhaps warp space is simply too complex and volatile to be understood by mortal minds. Whatever the truth, the warp is home to terrors every bit as real as marauding Orks and ravenous Genestealers. For it is the home of the Dark Gods of Chaos and their daemonic hordes, it is the Realm of Chaos itself: raw and powerful, its dark energies succoured by the most dreadful nightmares of mortal existence.

If warp space were wholly separate from the material universe it would present no danger. However, there are many gateways between the world of matter and the realm of power, some great and others small, but all bristling with potential danger. The largest gateway is the Eye of Terror, a region of space where the two universes overlap. At the centre of the Eye of Terror all is Chaos, a whirlpool of energy where the creatures of the warp bathe in swirling currents of hate and madness. This is the pupil of the Eye of Terror. Around this is a far broader zone of overlap, where the material universe is cojoined with the warp. Here the laws of the material universe are subject to the whims of Chaos daemons.



The daemons themselves can effortlessly take on material shape by drawing upon the energy of the warp to manifest their physical bodies. Here can be found the daemon worlds, private hells created and controlled by daemon lords, the most powerful daemons of all, second only to the Gods of Chaos in might and malice. On the daemon worlds a mortal may live forever at the whim of his daemonic masters, enduring an eternity of torment or pleasure without release. As the influence of the Eye of Terror spreads and weakens so the worlds upon its edges become more normal, more closely bound by the physical laws of the universe and less by the warp. Here daemons can manifest themselves for only a short time because the nurturing power of the warp is too weak to sustain them for long. These worlds are home to the mortal followers of Chaos, the bands of Chaos Renegades that plague the galaxy, to outlaws and desperados from a thousand worlds, and to the most dreaded enemies of all – the Chaos Space Marine Legions.

The threat of Chaos is most obvious in the case of the Eye of Terror, but it is by no means the only threat. Smaller zones of overlap also exist, presenting dangers of a similar kind but a different magnitude. The majority of gateways are more subtle, and the dangers they pose are different but no less potent. The mind of every psychic creature is a potential gateway through which a daemon can enter the material universe, planting seeds of doubt and ambition into its victim. Such thoughts can corrupt a man, turning his mind to the pursuit of power and personal gain.

All over the Imperium there are hidden cults dedicated to the worship of the Dark Gods of Chaos. This is the most heinous of all heresies and the most terrible betrayal of mankind. Once it has begun, the corruption spreads like a foul disease, the victims of doubt becoming the new evangelists of heresy, corrupting others with their perversity and tempting the innocent with promises of easy power. Chaos cults incite revolt and disorder, or work their way into governmental organisations and seize control from within. Whole worlds may be plunged into anarchy. Freed from the righteous restraints imposed by the Imperium psykers go out of control, releasing a vortex of psychic energy that tears at the fabric of the multiverse. If allowed to go unchecked, the psychic emanations of a frenzied population will produce a massive warp-rift, engulfing the planet within a tide of daemons, swallowing the whole world within the warp and creating yet another substantial gateway from which the perils of Chaos can invade the universe. Small wonder that the Inquisition would rather subject a world to Exterminatus than let this happen.

Some may question your right to destroy ten billion people. Those who understand realise that you have no right to let them live!

In Exterminatus Extremis



Though the gates that stand between the mortal world and the immortal Realm of Chaos are now closed to me, still I would rather die having glimpsed eternity than never to have stirred from the cold furrow of mortal life. I embrace death without regret as I embraced life without fear.

Kargos Bloodspitter, Champion of Khorne

The armed forces of Chaos come in many unexpected guises but for the most part can be divided into three types. The most deadly of all are the foul daemons themselves. There are countless daemons of a myriad abhorrent shapes, each the spawn of the nightmarish terrors and secret pleasures of mortal creatures. But just as there are common vices and passions amongst mortals, so there are corresponding daemons – themselves mere conscious parts of the far greater Gods of Chaos. The four most mighty Chaos Gods are Khorne the Blood God, the master of battle and patron of mighty warriors; Nurgle the Great Lord of Decay, the bringer of plague and physical corruption; Slaanesh the Lord of Pleasure, the purveyor of secret vices; and Tzeentch the Changer of the Ways, the Lord of Change. It is these four Dark Gods who vie for the dominion of mankind, and whose daemons seek gateways through the minds of the weak and careless.

There are other daemons too, a vast and impenetrable array, but the daemons of the four Great Powers are by far the most dangerous. Fortunately for mankind daemons cannot exist except where the material universe has already started to break down, for daemons need the presence of the warp to survive and the more powerful the daemon the more energy it requires to manifest itself.

Daemons are the most dangerous of all Chaos creatures, but at least daemoninc incursions are rare events – rare enough to be hushed up by the Inquisition to prevent panic. More of a real threat are the constant raids of the Chaos Space Marine Legions. Ten thousand years ago during the galaxy-shattering wars of the Horus Heresy fully half the Space Marine armies of that time became corrupted by Chaos and rebelled against the Emperor. Led by Warmaster Horus, the Legions of Chaos

almost succeeded in wresting control of the galaxy from the Emperor. They did not succeed, but the wounds the Emperor suffered in combat against the Warmaster drove him to the Golden Throne and ended his waking life.

With the defeat of the Legions of Chaos the vanquished Space Marines fled into the Eye of Terror. There, close to the intense energies of the warp, they took worlds for their own, becoming the lords and masters of daemon realms under the patronage of their chosen gods.

From these infernal regions the Chaos Space Marines continue to launch their wars of vengeance against the Imperium. Within their warped realms time has been abolished, so that the very same Space Marine warriors who fought against the Emperor ten thousand years ago live on to make war against the Imperium today. For them the strands of time have become interwoven so that the past, present and future are as one eternal battle.

The threat of the Chaos Space Marine Legions is the most tangible of the perils of Chaos, but there are other threats less easy to recognise but just as deadly. On every world in every city there are malcontents who lust for power beyond their means, whose avarice is insatiable by honest endeavour, and who would take any path to satisfy their ambition. Such minds are easy prey to the temptations of Chaos. Although a Primal Heresy throughout the Imperium there are thousands, maybe millions, of Chaos cults, all gathering their strength and extending their influence. In deep sewers hooded figures meet to worship the Dark Gods, and mages summon daemons to do their bidding. There can be no greater delusion than that of fools who seek an easy road to power, yet they can bring ruin upon an entire world.



Do not ask which creature screams in the night

Do not ask which creature screams in the night,
Do not question who waits for you in the shadow.
It is my cry that wakes you in the night,
And my body that crouches in the shadow.
I am Tzeentch and you are the puppet
That dances to my tune.

Karazantor the Vile,
The Traitor of Xian

DAEMON SPECIAL RULES

Daemons are not creatures of our world – they are creatures of Chaos, warp entities whose bodies are fashioned from raw power. When they enter our universe they assume a definite form, but they continue to draw upon the power of the warp to manifest themselves. The energy of the warp suffuses daemons and gives them many strange powers. Many of the daemons described below have common powers or abilities, and these are described here for convenience rather than repeated throughout the individual entries. Unless the rules specify otherwise, the following rules apply to all daemons.

DAEMONIC AURA

With a few notable exceptions, all daemons are protected by a *daemonic aura*. This is a surrounding field of warp energy that bathes their bodies with energy and gives them their power. The daemonic aura is not really a force field as such, rather its presence replenishes and fortifies the daemon's physical body, but in effect it acts very much like armour. To represent this aura, daemons are permitted a saving throw as if they were wearing armour. This saving throw is always 4+ on a D6 – ie, any dice roll of 4, 5 or 6 will save.

The daemonic saving throw differs from a normal armour saving throw in that no modifiers normally apply. With ordinary armour the value of the save is reduced by the attacking weapon's save modifier, but this does not apply in the case of daemons. This makes daemons very difficult to kill, because even a direct hit from a heavy weapon such as a lascannon can be saved.

The daemonic aura offers no save at all against psychic attacks, including attacks by force weapons. Force weapons are weapons which use psychic force, or which direct the psychic powers of their wielders. If a daemon is hit by a psychic attack, or by a force weapon, it receives no saving throw on behalf of its daemonic aura.

Note that the main exceptions to the Daemonic Aura rule are Bloodthirsters and Horrors. The Bloodthirster has an ordinary armour save instead, and this is affected by normal save modifiers. The Horrors have no save at all.

DAEMON CAVALRY

Three of the daemons described in this section are normally ridden by either another daemon or by a Champion of one of the Chaos Gods. These three daemons are the Juggernauts of Khorne, the Steeds of Slaanesh and the Discs of Tzeentch. Of these, the Steeds of Slaanesh and Discs of Tzeentch are both covered by the standard cavalry rules as explained in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook. Check back to the Rulebook if in doubt as to how they work. Note that the effect of a Steed's or Disc's daemonic aura does not apply if the daemon is ridden by a mortal Champion. When ridden by a mortal Champion the normal armour saving throw of the Champion applies instead.

The Juggernaut of Khorne is too big and dangerous to treat as a cavalry model so special rules apply instead. When shooting at the Juggernaut and its rider roll to hit as normal, but randomise any hits between the rider and his mount (roll a D6: 1-3=Rider, 4-6=Juggernaut). Work out any hits as normal, and resolve damage against either the rider or the Juggernaut. If the rider is slain the Juggernaut may continue to fight on its own. If the Juggernaut is slain the rider can continue to fight on his own if you have a suitable model. If the case of attacks



from weapons with a burst area, treat the rider and Juggernaut as separate targets, so both will be hit if both lie within the template area.

In hand-to-hand combat both the Juggernaut and its rider fight separately. In effect this works the same way as a multiple combat. Any enemy may choose to aim its attack at either the rider or the Juggernaut.

FLIGHT

Some Greater Daemons have wings and are able to fly, although the motive power comes from the warp and owes little to the aerodynamic qualities of their wings. When a daemon flies it bounds into the air and lands, or comes to rest just above the ground, and does not remain airborne as such. This is represented in a similar way to jump packs as described below.

A daemon may fly up to 18" instead of making a normal move. This distance is reduced to 12" for flying over single storey buildings/woods/or the equivalent, and to 6" for flying over higher obstacles. Nominate the landing point, and roll a scatter dice to determine if you land safely. A hit indicates you land on target. An arrow indicates you have landed off target by D3" in the direction shown. Position the daemon model accordingly.

A daemon may use its flying ability to charge an enemy up to 18" away. Declare the charge as normal. When charging, a daemon may move a further normal move after it has landed, so it will always be able to reach its target unless it lands directly on top of another target.

A daemon which mistakenly lands on top of an enemy is automatically engaged in hand-to-hand combat with that enemy, regardless of whether it charged or not. The models are placed side by side and combat resolved as normal.

Note that Greater Daemons cannot be injured by accidentally landing in difficult terrain or onto vehicles as troops with jump packs can.

BLOODTHIRSTER – GREATER DAEMON OF KHORNE

The Bloodthirster is the most powerful of all Chaos Daemons and the most mighty of the Blood God's warriors. It is impossible to describe the true horror of these daemons, for their appearance is enough to drive a rational man beyond the brink of sanity. Their presence radiates sheer terror, their body exudes the stink of death, and their eyes carry the promise of cold execution.

Few who have seen a Bloodthirster have lived to tell the tale. Those who have confronted their terror and lived will recall an overwhelming impression of size and steaming energy, of glowing brass armour and blood-stained fur, and teeth like murderous blades. In its talons the Bloodthirster carries an axe that drips with blood and a long lash tipped with cruel barbs of fire.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bloodthirster	6	10	10	8	7	10	8	10	10

SPECIAL RULES

All the special rules for daemons apply as described earlier except that the Bloodthirster has no daemonic aura like other daemons, it has its own living armour of brass instead.

Terror. The Bloodthirster exudes sheer horror, its very existence is a threat to the sanity of the most strong willed of mortals. The psychology rules for *terror* apply as described in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook. Remember that creatures which cause *terror* automatically cause *fear* as well.

Chaos Armour. The Bloodthirster wears brazen armour which always reflects the glow of infernal flames. This armour is a living part of the daemon, and it is sustained by its own unquenchable inner energies. This armour gives the daemon a saving throw of 3+ which, unlike a standard daemonic aura, is affected by normal saving throw modifiers. However, the Chaos Armour is not negated by force weapons or psychic attacks, which gives the Bloodthirster an advantage against psychic force weapons compared with other daemons.

Axe of Khorne: The Bloodthirster carries a mighty Axe of Khorne, suffused with chaotic energy and laden with death. A hit from an Axe of Khorne causes not one wound on its victim but D3 wounds (roll a D6: 1-2 = 1, 3-4 = 2, 5-6 = 3).

Fly: The Bloodthirster has wings and is able to fly over the battlefield in great leaps and bounds as described above.



BLOODLETTERS – Khorne's Warriors of Death

These most foul and ferocious of daemons descend upon their foe in massed hordes, driven crazy by the scent of blood, screaming with fury as they fall upon mortal flesh. They are Khorne's Warriors of Death, the foot soldiers of his daemonic armies, and their truly horrific appearance is an assault upon reason. Their skins are red and scaly and their long, muscular arms end in murderous talons which can rip a foe apart with cold-blooded ease. They carry long, jagged Hellblades which glow with power, and which, it is said, can drain the very soul from a man and suck dry his shrivelled corpse.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bloodletter	4	5	5	4	3	1	6	2	10

SPECIAL RULES

All the special rules for daemons apply as described earlier. In particular, note that the Bloodletter has a daemonic aura which gives it a saving throw of 4+.

Fear. The monstrous vision of the slaving Bloodletter is too much for most mortal minds to withstand. The Bloodletter causes *fear* as described in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.

Hellblade. The Hellblade drips constantly with blood and glows with the heinous energies of Chaos. A hit from a Hellblade causes not one wound on its victim but D3 in the same way as a Bloodthirster's Axe of Khorne.

FLESH HOUNDS OF KHORNE

The babbling tales of maniacs who have been exposed to the unshielded horrors of the warp speak of the blood-red hounds of Khorne, whose howls of rage haunt their sleep and whose memory stalks their every waking moment.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Flesh Hound	10	5	0	5	4	2	6	1	10

SPECIAL RULES

All the special rules for daemons apply as described earlier. In particular, note that the Flesh Hound has a daemonic aura which gives it a saving throw of 4+.

Collar of Khorne. The Collar of Khorne that hangs about the neck of every Flesh Hound is said to be forged from the heat of Khorne's rage at the very foot of the Blood God's throne of brass. The power of the collar is to suck the energy of the warp from around it, fortifying the daemon and also protecting it from the psychic attacks of other foes. As a result no psychic force weapon can harm a Flesh Hound, and psychic attacks against it are nullified automatically and will not work.

Their baying chills the heart and spreads icy tendrils of fear through weak mortal souls. And yet worse, yet more terrible to behold, are the huntsmen of this fell pack. Following close upon the Hounds, urging them ever forward, come deformed shapes, running and shrieking, driven by the insatiable blood-hunger of their kind. With twisted crimson bodies they stride across the blighted land, crouched over as if the better to track the spoor of their prey's terror. Masters of the hunt, they seek the blood of Man to spill at the foot of their master's Skull Throne.

Fear. Flesh Hounds are abhorrent daemons whose foul form strikes fear into the hearts of all incredulous mortals. Flesh Hounds cause *fear* as described in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.



JUGGERNAUTS

The Juggernaut is neither beast nor machine but a daemonic amalgam of both, a creature of living metal whose flesh is brass and whose blood is pure fire. They are said to be the most brutal of all Khorne's many daemons, and only the most favoured of his warriors are granted the boon of riding a Juggernaut into battle. Their broad brazen heads are like massive battering rams capable of pounding a building or crushing the most heavily armoured foe into bloody pulp.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Juggernaut	7	3	0	5	5	3	2	2	10

SPECIAL RULES

All the special rules for daemons apply as described earlier. In particular, note that the Juggernaut has a daemonic aura which gives it a saving throw of 4+.

Fear. Few mortals who are exposed to the horror of the Juggernaut survive with their sanity unscathed. Juggernauts cause *fear* as described in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.

Crush. The monstrous mass of the Juggernaut is almost unstoppable – this is called the *Crush*. If the Juggernaut charges into hand-to-hand combat then its attacks count as Crush attacks for that turn. If the Juggernaut wins the combat round then it automatically causes one wound for each hit struck regardless of the enemy's Toughness and ignoring any armour.

The Crush may also be used against vehicles. When fighting vehicles all attacks automatically hit and the attacker can choose the location struck. In the case of the Juggernaut the standard penetration is 5 + 2D6 (ie. Strength + D6 + Strength bonus for attacking a vehicle). When making a Crush attack the Juggernaut's penetration is increased by a further D6 to 5 + 3D6.

THE KEEPER OF SECRETS – Greater Daemon of Slaanesh

Slaanesh is the Lord of Pleasure whose mere image evokes ecstasy in an unguarded mind. The Keeper of Secrets is held in especial horror by the Inquisition because of the sensual temptations its presence arouses. Few who have encountered this daemon can describe the shame of their desire, nor the lust for blood which overcomes their rational senses. The Keeper of Secrets is bedecked with gorgeous jewels, and delicate coloured silks overlay its hideous form. Its long chitinous claws are at the same time delicate and deadly, graceful but

hideously destructive. The daemon's head is gross and bestial, horned and fanged in perverse contrast with the seductive aura which it exudes.



Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Keeper	6	9	10	7	7	8	7	6	10

SPECIAL RULES

All the special rules for daemons apply as described earlier. In particular note that the Keeper of Secrets has a daemonic aura which gives it a saving throw of 4+.

Aura of Slaanesh. In any hand-to-hand fighting against the daemon enemies in base-to-base contact become entranced by the Keeper of Secret's seductive power and are unable to attack unless they take and pass a Leadership test (2D6 against Ld in the same way as a psychology test). Test for each model fighting the daemon. Make the test at the start of each hand-to-hand combat phase. Any models unable to attack roll no attack dice.

Terror. The Keeper of Secrets exudes sensual horror that can break the mind of a mere mortal. The psychology rules for *terror* apply as described in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook. Remember that creatures which cause *terror* automatically cause *fear* as well.

The common man is like a worm in the gut of a corpse, trapped inside a prison of cold flesh, helpless and uncaring, unaware even of the inevitability of its own doom.

DAEMONETTES – The Children of Slaanesh

None exposed to the Children of Slaanesh ever forget the tide of living sensuality, the writhing limbs, the caress of razor-sharp claws against quivering flesh. It is a beauty which evokes loathing, a perverse sensuality which gnaws at the pit of the stomach. In appearance they are almost female, yet wholly daemonic, disturbingly seductive despite their bestial clawed limbs.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Daemonettes	4	6	5	4	3	1	6	3	10

SPECIAL RULES

All the special rules for daemons apply as described earlier. In particular, note that the Daemonette has a daemonic aura which gives it a saving throw of 4+.

Fear. The disturbing beauty of the Daemonette evokes horror rather than admiration in all but the irretrievably corrupt. Daemonettes cause *fear* as described in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.

FIENDS OF SLAANESH



What manner of beast is this most bizarre of all creatures – the child of seductive nightmares or the spawn of horrors too terrible even to dream of? Who can describe what is an indescribable abomination?

Those who have lived through the nightmare recall little, their minds refuse to remember, leaving only the dim impression of writhing limbs and long lashing tongues, the inhuman squeals of delight, and faces contorted with the ecstasy of pain. But worse than even this is the overwhelming sense of sweet suffocation, a cloying evil whose seductive scent intrudes upon the memory forever.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Fiend	6	3	0	3	3	1	3	3	8

SPECIAL RULES

All the special rules for daemons apply as described earlier. In particular, note that the Fiend has a daemonic aura which gives it a saving throw of 4+.

Fear. The unspeakable vileness of the Fiend is too much for most men to bear. Fiends cause *fear* as described in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.

Soporific Musk. The Fiend exudes a sweet odour which overwhelms the mind with waves of soporific pleasure. Any foe in hand-to-hand combat with the Fiend counts any fumble rolls at double value – ie, any attack dice which score a 1 add not +1 but +2 to the enemy's Combat Score. At the same time, any critical hits caused by the Fiend's enemy are ignored.

STEEDS OF SLAANESH

A high-pitched wail of delight and a flickering tongue as long as the daemon itself are the most abiding impressions of the Steed of Slaanesh. Upon its fleshy back ride the Children of Slaanesh, spurring the squealing creature with their prickly taloned feet. A long probing tongue flickers from the steed's long, pliable muzzle. This whip-like member is the daemon's most dangerous weapon, for its slippery tongue can bind and trap an enemy, immobilising its victim whilst its rider administers the fatal blow.



Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Steed	12	3	0	4	5	1	6	1	10

SPECIAL RULES

All the special rules for daemons apply as described earlier. In particular, note that the Steed has a daemonic aura which gives it a saving throw of 4+.

Fear. The weird Steed of Slaanesh with its foul lashing tongue causes *fear* as described in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.

Tongue Attack. The Steed has a special Tongue Attack which is added to the rider's attacks in the normal way for cavalry models. The Tongue Attack is represented by a differently coloured dice – eg, roll three white dice for a Daemonette rider and one red dice for the Tongue Attack. If the Tongue Attack dice score is the highest scoring of the model's attack dice then this represents the tongue lashing round the victim and immobilising it, in which case the enemy's own Combat Score is reduced by D3 points. The two total Combat Scores are then compared as normal.

GREAT UNCLEAN ONE – Greater Daemon of Nurgle



Even the most battle hardened of the Ordo Malleus dread this foul daemon more than any other. It is the very image of the Plague God Nurgle himself – huge, green-skinned and bloated with corruption. From open sores and swelling boils, pus and slime dribble over the daemon's leprous skin. Decaying inner organs protrude from rents in rancid flesh. From its gaping maw trickles a bubbling stream of vomit mixed with blood, maggots, and other foulness.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Great Unclean One	4	7	7	7	8	10	4	7	10

SPECIAL RULES

All the special rules for daemons apply as described earlier. In particular, note that the Great Unclean One has a daemonic aura which gives it a saving throw of 4+.

Terror. The Great Unclean One is the most foul of all daemons, its horrific bloated appearance is an offence to the world. Those who witness it rarely survive with their reason intact. The psychology rules for *terror* apply as described in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook. Remember that creatures which cause *terror* automatically cause *fear* as well.

Stream of Corruption. The Great Unclean One can unleash a stream of steaming vomit over its enemies. This is worked out during the shooting phase. Use the teardrop-shaped flamer template to represent the attack and calculate casualties exactly as you would for an attack from a template weapon. The stream of vomit inflicts a S7 attack on targets it hits.

NURGLINGS

Nurgle's disgusting daemons spill into the world like a plague, riding upon a tide of tiny daemons which swirl about the horde like an infestation. These tiny daemons are Nurglings, small but malevolent things that feed upon corruption. Although tiny they are as hideous as their master, each a minute replica of Nurgle, round and bloated with disease. They swarm around the Greater Daemons, scurrying over their decaying bodies and sucking at boils for their nourishment, nestling within their master's spilling entrails for succour.

Because of their diminutive size Nurglings are represented by a large base crammed with many individual creatures. Individual models don't fight but the whole base is treated as a single monstrous creature with several attacks and able to withstand several wounds.

SPECIAL RULES

All the special rules for daemons apply as described earlier. In particular, note that a base of Nurglings has a daemonic aura which gives it a saving throw of 4+.

Fear. Nurglings spill over their victims like an irrepressible tide of foulness that is an assault to mind and body alike. Nurglings cause *fear* as described in the main Rulebook.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Nurgling base	4	3	3	3	3	3	4	3	7



PLAGUEBEARERS OF NURGLE

It is said that the fate of those who die of the foul disease Nurgle's Rot is to serve the Lord of Decay forever in the most disgusting form of a daemon called a Plaguebearer.

Huge black flies lay their filthy eggs on these foul daemons, and clumps of maggots crawl and clamber over their putrid hides, feeding upon the putrescent matter that drips from their oozing sores. When the flies hatch, they swarm around the Plaguebearer in a buzzing cloud of vileness, and will turn upon and attack his enemies.

The Plaguebearer's body is swollen with contagion, and churning innards spill from tears in their rancid skin. It has a single baleful eye and from its head sprouts a long horn. In its clawed hand the daemon carries a sword with a distorted barbed edge. This is the Plaguesword of Nurgle whose touch brings disease and death to mortal creatures.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Plaguebearer	4	5	5	4	3	1	6	2	10

SPECIAL RULES

All the special rules for daemons apply as described earlier. In particular, note that the Plaguebearer has a daemonic aura which gives it a saving throw of 4+.

Fear. The foulness of the Plaguebearer overturns the mind and its indescribable stench induces nausea and fear. The Plaguebearer causes *fear* as described in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.

Plaguesword. The Plaguesword drips with venomous slime. A wound from this weapon will kill mortal creatures outright on the D6 roll of a 4 or more, regardless of how many wounds the target can normally sustain. Note that this only applies to mortal foes, not to other daemons.

Cloud of Flies. The Plaguebearer is surrounded by a black cloud of flies that feed upon his putrid skin. When the Plaguebearers are fighting these evil buzzing creatures fly into the eyes and mouths of their enemies, clogging their ears and crawling up their nostrils. Any enemy fighting a Plaguebearer must deduct -1 from his hand-to-hand Combat Score due to the distraction of the Plaguebearer's flies.

BEASTS OF NURGLE



The head of this huge and slug-like daemon is fringed with fat tentacles from which oozes a paralysing slime. A creature overcome by this sticky slime will be collected after the battle and carried away to feed the broods of Nurgle.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Beast	3	3	0	3	5	3	3	D6	6

SPECIAL RULES

All the special rules for daemons apply as described earlier. In particular, note that the Beast of Nurgle has a daemonic aura which gives it a saving throw of 4+.

Fear. The monstrous appearance of the Beast of Nurgle is as nothing compared to the stench of its foulness. The Beast causes *fear* as described in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.

Attacks. The Beast of Nurgle has D6 attacks in hand-to-hand combat from its tentacles. This is determined every combat round. The slime automatically penetrates any armour that the victim has, so no armour saving throw is permitted for models wounded by the Beast.

Slime Trail. As the Beast moves it leaves a slime trail behind it. This makes it impossible for a large number of foes to attack the Beast without becoming caught up in the slime trail. To represent this factor, multiple attackers do not receive the usual bonuses when attacking the Beast: they do not receive the +1 extra attack for each opponent after the first, nor the +1 close combat modifier for each opponent after the first.

THE LORD OF CHANGE – Greater Daemon of Tzeentch

The appearance of this daemon defies mortal comprehension. An overwhelming aura of brightness surrounds this creature, and its wings and body shimmer with colours that defy human comprehension. None who have confronted this massive and terrifying daemon will ever forget its flashing multi-coloured plumage or its claws of iridescent crystal. But most terrible of all is the gaze of the Lord of Change, which is said to penetrate the very depths of a man's soul.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Lord of Change	8	9	10	7	7	7	10	6	10

SPECIAL RULES

All the special rules for daemons apply as described earlier. In particular, note that the Lord of Change has a daemonic aura which gives it a saving throw of 4+.

Terror. The appearance of the Lord of Change is bewildering and terrifying. The psychology rules for *terror* apply as described in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook. Remember that creatures which cause *terror* automatically cause *fear* as well.

Fly. The Lord of Change has wings and is able to fly over the battlefield in great leaps and bounds as described above.



FLAMERS OF TZEENTCH

Flamers are amongst the most strange and disturbing of all daemons, their appearance is weird and extremely disturbing. Their lower portions resemble inverted mushrooms whose stalks have been transformed into muscular bodies. Flexible arms which spit searing flame sprout from the Flamer's unnatural body. Pink warp flame dribbles constantly from orifices at the ends of the Flamer's arms, roaring to life like living blowtorches as the Flamers attack.

The daemon has no head, but its eyes and gaping maw lie between its swaying arms. In spite of its awkward appearance, the Flamer is an agile creature. Its muscular fungoid body can fly with great strength, allowing it to move by jumping and bounding across the battlefield.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Flamer	9	3	5	5	4	2	4	2	10

SPECIAL RULES

All the special rules for daemons apply as described earlier. In particular, note that the Flamer has a daemonic aura which gives it a saving throw of 4+.

Fear. The mind wrenching form of the weird Flamer is more than most mortals can stand. The Flamer causes *fear* as described in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.

Shoot Flame. Flamers can shoot flame in the shooting phase. The flame has a range of 6" and any target struck sustains D6 Strength 3 hits.

Bound. Flamers move by bounding – they can move over any obstacles or intervening models without penalty.

Flame Attacks. Flamers also use their flames to engulf and destroy enemy in hand-to-hand combat. To represent this a successful strike from a Flamer causes not 1 wound but D3 wounds (roll a D6: 1-2 = 1, 3-4 = 2, 5-6 = 3).

HORRORS OF TZEENTCH

The survivors of daemon attacks are rarely fully sane or coherent. Scarce wonder that there are few reliable descriptions of these daemons, known only as the Horrors of Tzeentch. Victims babble incoherently about creatures made of blue and pink light, spinning, dancing monsters that bray and cackle as they whirl along dealing death with their long



gangling clawed arms. As they hop and whirl into battle the daemons glow with pink fire, and as they are struck each daemon divides into two blue creatures, which continue to fight with savage ferocity until overcome.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Pink Horror	4	5	5	4	3	1	6	2	10
Blue Horror	4	3	3	3	3	1	7	1	10

SPECIAL RULES

The special rules for daemons apply as described earlier except that Horrors do not receive the usual saving throw on behalf of their daemoniac aura. This is an exception to the normal daemon rules. Instead of the saving throw Horrors split into two as described below.

Split. When a Pink Horror sustains a wound it is not slain but automatically divides into two Blue Horrors. Remove the Pink Horror model and replace it with two Blue Horrors. These fight on in the place of the Pink Horror until they receive a wound and are removed. Note that neither the Pink nor the Blue Horrors receive a saving throw on behalf of their aura.

Fear. The Horrors cause *fear* as described in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.

DISCS OF TZEENTCH

The Discs are unspeakable creatures of warp space, shark-like predators that hunt the souls of mortal creatures in the endless seas of Chaos. They take the shape of flattened, plate-like creatures, with vicious teeth and sharp spines. They have no limbs and move by hovering over the ground. A Champion of Tzeentch can ride a Disc into battle, soaring above his foes and smashing through his enemies.



SPECIAL RULES

All the special rules for daemons apply as described earlier. In particular, note that the Disc has a daemoniac aura which gives it a saving throw of 4+.

Fear. The Disc causes *fear* as described in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.

Move. The Disc moves by soaring above the ground at roughly head height. This is treated as normal movement and the normal movement penalties apply except that a Disc may move over water, marshes or other soft ground without penalty.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Disc	12	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	10



CHAOS SPACE MARINES

During the terrible long wars of the Horus Heresy fully half the ancient Space Marine Legions joined the Warmaster Horus in his bid to wrest control of the Imperium from the Emperor. After many bloody battles the Warmaster's true loyalties were revealed, and it became known to all that he had sold his soul to the Dark Gods of Chaos in return for undreamed of power. It was too late for the Space Marine Legions that had allied themselves with Horus – their souls were pledged to Chaos and for them there was no hope of forgiveness. Corruption and evil had corrupted their minds, gnawing at their unworthy ambitions, and turning them into the Emperor's most bitter foes. After the defeat of Horus the Chaos Space Marine Legions sought unholy refuge in the Eye of Terror, where they remain to this day.

Of the surviving Legions of Chaos Space Marines the four which have found the especial favour of their patron gods are the World Eaters of Khorne, the Emperor's Children of Slaanesh, the Death Guard of Nurgle and the Thousand Sons of Tzeentch. It is these foul Legions that most trouble the Imperium with their incessant raiding and wanton destruction.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chaos Space Marine	4	4	4	4	4	1	4	1	8
Champion	4	5	5	4	4	1	5	1	9
Hero	4	6	6	5	5	2	6	2	9
Mighty Hero	4	7	7	5	5	3	7	3	10

SPECIAL RULES

Rapid Fire. Chaos Space Marines can employ rapid fire with storm bolters, boltguns or bolt pistols in the same way as other Space Marines. If he does not move in the movement phase a Chaos Space Marine may shoot his weapon twice.

Break Tests. Note that Chaos Space Marines are not subject to the special rules for shaken and broken troops like ordinary Space Marines. Chaos Space Marines must take Break tests in the usual way as described in the main Rulebook.

CHAOS CHAMPIONS

Although we divide Chaos Space Marine characters into Champions, Heroes and Mighty Heroes for convenience, all of these characters are termed Chaos Champions. Chaos Champions are the favoured servants of their masters, the Gods of Chaos, and their complete devotion is rewarded with numerous gifts of power.

As a Champion gains favour in the eyes of his Chaos God so he becomes more powerful. There is a terrible price to pay, for the Gods of Chaos are whimsical and uncaring creatures, whose gifts often bring gross physical mutation and deformity. Horns, wildly discoloured flesh, distorted limbs, cloven hoofs and other, stranger, mutations are all too common amongst the Champions of Chaos who bravely bear their disfigurements as symbols of their divine favour.

NURGLE

Champions of Nurgle are swollen with corruption, their armour barely containing their bloated bodies. Because their bodies are dulled with disease and partly rotted away they feel little pain and can endure considerable injury without discomfort. A Chaos Champion of Nurgle always adds an extra +1 to his Toughness on account of his hugely bloated body.

SLAANESH

Slaanesh is the sensual Lord of Pleasure. His Chaos Champions live on the edge of excitement and experience, revelling in the joy of life and battle. They take a perverse pleasure in all experience, no matter how terrifying or bizarre, and are therefore not affected by the normal psychology rules. This means that they are immune to *fear* and *terror*, for example. In addition, they need never take a Break test, as death holds no fear for them, but is seen as a welcome consummation of experience. If a Champion is with a unit that

is forced to flee then he is not affected and can continue to fight as normal.

KHORNE

Champions of the God Khorne are savage fighters whose body armour grows to be part of their bodies so they can never remove it. This Chaos Armour gives the Chaos Champion an armour saving throw of 2+. Chaos Champions of the World Eaters Space Marine Legion wear armour of this kind; it remains part of their bodies forever and cannot be removed.



In addition, Champions of Khorne are affected by the rules for *frenzy* as described in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook. They are awesome warriors who revel in their role as the sacred destroyers of the Blood God.

TZEENTCH

Tzeentch the Changer of the Ways is the master of arcane lore whose Champions often find themselves gifted with dark powers of sorcery. The warp flows through them and its aura protects them and wards away hostile psychic attacks.

If a Chaos Champion of Tzeentch suffers a psychic attack then he may successfully nullify it by rolling a 4+ on a D6. If he is successful the psychic attack does not work and causes no harm.

CHAOS CULTISTS

Chaos is not only a deadly enemy that threatens the Imperium from without, it is a foe that works its insidious evil within the very heart of the Imperium, on every world, in every Imperial organisation, even within the very Adeptus Terra itself. Everywhere there are fools too weak-minded to resist the temptations of power. Their ambition and greed cannot be sated except by the ever eager Gods of Chaos. For the price of his soul a man can enjoy temporal power for a while, glory for a day, and the certainty of damnation for all eternity.



So long as there are men who do not truly believe in the horrors of the Chaos Gods there will always be those who choose to worship them. Many are renegades from Imperial justice, refugees from the Judges, or mutants whose psychic powers make life in the Imperium too dangerous for them. Others seek power within their society, dreaming of overthrowing their lord and seizing control themselves. Those who would meddle with the Chaos Gods, who would willingly call upon daemons, are sick in mind and spirit, and are the avowed enemies of the Imperium.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Cultist	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Cult Champion	4	4	4	3	3	1	4	1	8
Cult Hero	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	2	8
Cult Major Hero	4	6	6	4	4	3	6	3	9
Psyker	4	3	3	3	4	1	4	1	7
Psyker Champion	4	4	4	4	4	2	4	1	7
Master Psyker	4	5	5	4	4	3	5	2	7
Psyker Lord	4	6	6	4	4	4	6	3	8

BEASTMEN

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Beastman	4	4	3	3	4	2	3	1	7
Champion	4	5	4	3	4	2	4	1	8
Hero	4	6	5	4	5	3	5	2	8
Major Hero	4	7	6	4	5	4	6	3	9

Beastmen are the foul spawn of the Chaos Gods, creatures so twisted by their mutations that it is impossible to tell whether their forebears were men or beasts. There are countless worlds in the galaxy where the forces of Chaos have triumphed, and where the Beastmen reign in mankind's stead. They are violent and low-minded creatures, loud and coarse, capable of sustaining only the most rudimentary civilisation and the most debased culture. Such beasts revel in the destruction of man, and willingly flock to fight alongside the forces of Chaos.



CHAOS HOUNDS

Hounds of Chaos are wolf-like creatures whose ancestors may once have been ordinary canines, but which have become twisted and mutated by the power of Chaos. They are marked with hideous mutations such as horns, massive fangs, several heads, the tails of scorpions and other unimaginable horrors.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chaos Hound	6	4	0	4	4	1	4	2	6

TYRANIDS



There are more dangerous foes at large in the galaxy than the Adeptus of Earth can ever know. The million or so worlds that comprise the domain of humanity are nothing compared to the sum total of habitable worlds, many of which are home to alien creatures. The Explorators of the Administratum discover hundreds of new worlds every year, new life-forms, even new civilisations. For the most part these aliens are ignored, contained, or, if they present a danger to the Imperium, eradicated. Inevitably some aliens are both hostile and powerful. Throughout its history the Imperium has fought many long wars against dangerous alien races. In almost every case the Imperium has won, but in some instances Imperial forces have only managed to contain the enemy. Even today the planets of Saharduin remain dark and unexplored, whilst Imperial armies guard the Gates of Varl from the quiescent perils of the Ctan. But in the grand scheme of things such commitments are trivial. They are tiny pin-pricks on the map of the galaxy, flea-bites on the hide of a massive, thick-skinned, and ponderous beast.

Just over two hundred and fifty years ago the Imperial Explorators in the Eastern Fringe began to uncover evidence of a new alien threat. They discovered whole worlds scoured of life. Planets known to have teemed with plant and animal life were suddenly reduced to scorched asteroids of sterile bedrock. Not one single creature, not even a solitary bacterium remained to bear witness to what was often millions of years of complex biological evolution. An initial report was filed with

the Explorator General of the Administratum and little more was done. After all, the universe is a big place and mysteries of this order are commonplace. The destroyed worlds were regarded as inconsequential because they were remote and occupied neither by humans nor by any other sentient species.

The discovery of other obliterated worlds steadily built up but the Explorators could learn nothing of what had happened to them. In the Council of the Inquisition, one man began to take an interest in these strange events. Inquisitor Kryptman, hero of the Macharian Heresy, undertook the long journey to the east. Before the Inquisitor arrived the first contact was made. This time it was a world within the Imperium itself that had been destroyed. Tyran was not a large or an important world. It was little more than an outpost on the Eastern Fringe with a few hundred Adeptus and Explorators based there. A short and garbled message from the world's only Astropath was all that reached the Imperium: a dire warning of doom, a mental image of skies turned black with swarming monsters. From the world of Tyran the unseen enemy acquired a name at last – the Tyranids.

Over the next few years there were sporadic contacts. Imperial ships were discovered drifting through space, crews dead or missing altogether, massive holes bored through their armoured hulls. Evidence began to accumulate: a surviving eye witness on the ship Galactis Luxor, scraps of tissue on the Thandros Telepathica Matrix, and then the recovery of a complete organism from the freighter Hammer of Foes. Several of the Magos Biologis of the Tech-Priests joined the investigation, and slowly the truth began to emerge. The facts proved more horrifying than anyone imagined possible. What had at first appeared to be a mysterious but isolated threat, dangerous but containable, was revealed as the greatest peril the Imperium had faced in ten thousand years.

The first major conflict between the Imperium and the Tyranid threat came suddenly. The Ultramarines Space Marine Chapter encountered a huge Tyranid fleet approaching their home world. The hive fleet was christened Behemoth. Over a series of running battles the Ultramarines successfully destroyed several Tyranid ships. Eventually, after a long and bloody battle at the Ultramarine's planet of Macragge the Tyranid hive fleet turned back. The Tyranids had not been defeated by any means, but it was a victory of a kind – the Ultramarines survived, but only just.

They have only one purpose and there is nothing they will not do to accomplish this, no matter how vile or loathsome it might be. These abominations mean to destroy everything proud and noble, everything we hold dear and have fought so long to achieve.

Inquisitor Agmar on Tyranids

Today, over two hundred and fifty years since initial contact, the Imperium knows far more about the Tyranids and the voracious hive fleets. Even this is but a tiny fraction of all there is to know, and much still remains speculative. Several hundred large inhabited worlds have fallen to the Tyranids. Two Space Marine Chapters based on the Eastern Fringe, the Lamenters and the Scythes of the Emperor, have been destroyed. But the fight has not been entirely in vain. Imperial forces have gained valuable experience. Some of the hive ships have been boarded and information gathered from inside.

If the Techno Magi are correct in their evaluation the Tyranids originate from outside the galaxy. Their genetic structure and whole biological existence is totally different from even the most bizarre creatures of our own galaxy. Whereas human and other galactic organisms have an integrity which produces distinct species, Tyranid genetics are infinitely mutable and varied. Instead of replicating a pattern that has evolved over millions of years, Tyranid genetics can evolve a new creature every generation, mutating instantly and consciously to fulfil the needs of the whole race. The Tyranids are not therefore one creature, but a whole variety of unbelievable monstrosities varying in size from the huge organic spacecraft of the hive fleets to tiny functionary creatures such as the beetle-sized Scatophagoids that digest and recycle waste material in the living respiratory vents of the Tyranid spacecraft.

The raw material that the Tyranids require to expand and evolve is biological matter itself. Tyranids break down the bio-structures of entire worlds, and from the tissues and organic chemicals they evolve new species and also increase in number. The new gene-pool combines with and invigorates the Tyranids' own DNA. While the Tyranids have no material technology, using neither metals nor synthetics, they have evolved countless living organisms to accomplish similar functions – organic equivalents of the tools and weapons used by other races. To the Tyranids, other life-forms are simply a source of raw material.

The Tech-Priests have catalogued several thousands of different Tyranid creatures, but most of these are small, mindless creatures that fulfil mechanical functions. Several different kinds of weapons have been identified which combine different life-forms into a symbiotic machine, and it is almost certain that this is how all the larger and more complex Tyranid organisms function. The Tech-Priests have given names to many of these living weapons which reflect their function: the potent Deathspitter with its metabolic acids, or the horrific Fleshborer with its voracious living shells.

The spacecraft of the hive fleets are themselves alive, the largest creatures of all. They carry the Tyranid swarms through space to their next feeding ground.

The best understood of all the Tyranid creatures are the Tyranid Warriors, Genestealers, and the massive Carnifexes which the Imperial troops call Screamer Killers on account of the high-pitched squealing sound they make as they lash their razor edged and scythe-like appendages. Even these creatures vary in size and detailed appearance, especially in the coloration and patterns of their body markings.

Rare sightings of larger, fiercer Tyranid creatures have been reported by Imperial troops. These so-called Hive Tyrants seem to perform some sort of controlling role, and appear to have powers to manipulate the smaller creatures. The Techno-

Magi have postulated that the entire hive fleet is controlled in a similar way by a single intelligence, a Hive Queen who embodies the psychic overmind that directs the Tyranids. Of course, such matters must remain speculation for the present.

Genestealers had been known for many years before the Tyranid hive fleet appeared, and it was some time before it was realised that they were part of the same genetically mutable race. Genestealers appear to be a form of scout. Operating on the edges of the Tyranid feeding grounds, they absorb the DNA of sentient species and create small hybrid communities. These hybrid communities radiate a psychic message that draws the hive fleets towards the worlds they have infiltrated. When the Tyranids arrive the whole world is stripped bare. Even its Genestealer scouts and their Hybrids are absorbed back into the hive fleets.

There are undoubtedly many more Tyranid creatures awaiting to be described by the Imperium's investigators. As yet the battle against the Tyranids has only just begun, and so far no effective defence has been found. Only the future will reveal the extent of the threat and of the Tyranid infiltration. If one of the theories of genetic evolution is true, then the Tyranids are just the latest in a series of extra-galactic organisms to infest the galaxy. Some Techno-Magi believe that the viruses which have plagued mankind for so long are nothing less than a simple unevolved form of Tyranid. If so, the whole pattern of Tyranid life could be seen as a massive inter-galactic organism, a multiple creature destined to sweep aside all other races as it evolves into an all pervading, all consuming, but ultimately mindless entity holding all of the universe within its thrall. None can say whether mankind is strong enough to defend the galaxy against such an enemy. Only time will tell.



GENESTEALERS

Genestealers form the first wave of the Tyranid invasion, arriving hundreds of years before the hive fleets and preparing the way for their advance. They are ferocious killers whose instincts are to fight and move on, penetrating ever deeper into the heart of the galaxy. Their most dangerous power is the ability to implant their DNA into other living organisms,



seeding a germ cell which grows into a hybrid creature – a monster half way between a Genestealer and the original host. Genestealers may be found aboard abandoned space hulks, drifting through warp space in search of new victims. They are also part of the Genestealer broods that grow in secret around hidden Hybrid communities. Many Imperial planets are infested by these broods. Genestealers are also an important part of the fighting forces of the Tyranid hive fleets, and are often the first troops committed to battle.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Genestealer	6	7	0	6	4	1	7	4	10

SPECIAL RULES

Psychology. Genestealers are immune to all psychology. They cannot be affected by *fear*, *terror*, or any of the psychological factors described in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.

Chitinous Armour. Genestealers have thick chitinous hides which can absorb considerable damage. This gives the Genestealer an armour saving throw of 5 or 6 on a D6.

Fear. Genestealers are frightening creatures that cause *fear* as described in the Psychology section of the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.

GENESTEALER HYBRIDS

When a Genestealer implants its seed into a human, or any other creature, the resultant germ cell incubates within its host until it is ready to emerge. The hybrid child does not consume its parent, but as it develops it absorbs part of its host's brain. The parent becomes a mere slave of the infant it has spawned, and will go to any lengths to protect and nurture the monstrous thing. In this way the Genestealers infect human society with their monstrous brood. The Hybrids flock together and interbreed, producing more Hybrids and Genestealers. As the brood grows larger it generates a psychic signal that the distant Tyranid hive fleet can follow, a scent which draws them on to rich feeding grounds.

Hybrids look like a cross between Genestealers and their parent humans, with between two and four arms, and combining attributes of both races to a varying degree. Some Hybrids are nearly entirely human in appearance, tending only to baldness and heavy bone structure. Others are almost pure Genestealers. Whilst Genestealers lack any kind of creative intelligence, Hybrids combine human intelligence with alien cunning, and are able to use weapons and interact secretly with humans.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hybrid	4	4	2	4	3	1	5	1	8



GENESTEALER PATRIARCH



The Patriarch is a huge bloated Genestealer, grotesque in appearance and massive in proportion. It is the oldest of its kind, the first of all the brood, and its hold over its worshippers is as strong as steel. The Patriarch is at least as intelligent as a human, and its human ancestry allows it to understand and work against human society. The Patriarch is the centre of the psychic emanations that hold the broods together, and draw the Tyranids to vulnerable human worlds. The Patriarch itself remains quite unaware of this and probably understands nothing of its role in the Tyranid expansion. As the Tyranid hive fleets approach, the Patriarch comes under the psychic domination of the Tyranid Hive Queens. The Patriarch is then directed to attack vulnerable targets and join up with the invading forces. After the invasion, the Genestealer and all his brood are absorbed back into the great breeding chambers of the hive fleet.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Patriarch	5	7	0	6	5	4	6	4	10

SPECIAL RULES

Psychology. The Patriarch is immune to all psychology. It cannot be affected by *fear*, *terror*, or any of the psychological factors described in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.

Chitinous Armour. The Genestealer Patriarch has a thick chitinous hide which can absorb considerable damage. This gives the Patriarch an armour saving throw of 5 or 6 on a D6.

Fear. Genestealer Patriarchs are frightening creatures that cause *fear* as described in the Psychology section of the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.

GENESTEALER MAGUS

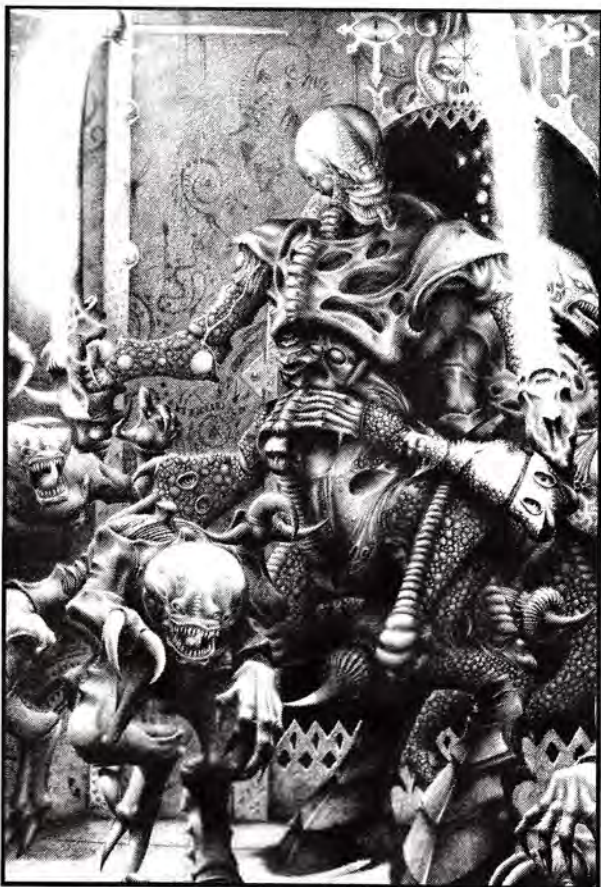
The Genestealer Magus is a special mutation that develops within a brood after several generations. The Magus is almost human in appearance, although invariably bald and heavily boned. He is also highly intelligent, with developed psychic powers. The Magus is born to serve the Patriarch and his more human form enables him to act as the Patriarch's mouthpiece. He directs the brood's operations, sending Hybrids out to raid human habitations and despatching Genestealers to implant their seed in more victims. He may send some of the brood's more human members to infiltrate the planet's government or its defence forces, eroding its ability to fight and paving the way for the expansion of the brood. Like the Patriarch, the Magus knows nothing of the Tyranids until the hive fleets draw near, when the pervading psychic force of the Hive Queens takes over his mind and brings him under the direct influence of the Tyranids.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Magus	4	3	3	4	3	1	5	1	8



TYRANID WARRIORS

The Tyranid hive fleets consist of millions of spacecraft, each home to billions of creatures, untold thousands of monstrosities evolved from the bubbling geno-organs of the ship's reproductive chamber. All of these creatures are born to serve the single entity that is the ship, and the ship itself exists only as part of the entity that is the fleet. All Tyranid creatures are held in a common psychic bond that enables them to act together as one social organism. Individual Tyranids have no distinct minds like humans and other creatures. A Tyranid simply fulfils the functions assigned to it by the greater hive mind or overmind. The smaller mindless creatures are unthinking and instinctive, but larger more complex creatures can make decisions appropriate to them.



The Tyranid Warriors are amongst the most important Tyranids. Not only are they large and powerful fighters but they also fulfil a pivotal role in the Tyranid armies. They act as psychic resonators, amplifying the psychic bond and transmitting its power to the smaller, less receptive creatures around them. When the Tyranids begin to swarm the Tyranid Warriors become the focal points of the hive mind. Like officers marshalling their armies, the Tyranid Warriors lead the lesser creatures into battle, directing their troops to the appointed stations in the greater plan.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tyranid Warrior	6	6	4	5	5	2	5	3	10

SPECIAL RULES

Carapace. The Tyranid Warrior has a thick chitinous carapace which can absorb considerable damage. This gives the Tyranid Warrior an armour saving throw of 5 or 6 on a D6.

Leadership. The Tyranid Warrior is immune to all psychological factors. It cannot be affected by *fear*, *terror*, or any of the psychological factors described in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook. In addition, it cannot be broken and does not have to take a Break test. It will automatically pass any Leadership-based test it is required to make. The Tyranid Warrior's Leadership value is therefore never used, but is included for comparative purposes.



Hive Mind. The Tyranid Warrior acts as a psychic nodal point of the hive mind. No other Tyranid units within 12" of a Tyranid Warrior need take any Leadership-based test – they will automatically pass. This means that units cannot be broken or affected by psychology. If an already broken unit is within 12" of a Tyranid Warrior in the rally phase it will automatically rally.

Fear. Tyranids are large, horrifying creatures who cause *fear* as described in the Psychology section of the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.

TERMAGANTS

The Termagant is agile, fast, cunning and deadly despite its small size. It is commonly called a Hunter-Slayer by the troops of the Imperial Guard. Its powerful body swoops low to the ground for speed, and enables it to follow the narrow arterial passages of the hive fleet ships. Like Tyranid Warriors and Genestealers it has six limbs and a chitinous outer shell which glistens with sticky secretion. The Termagant is armed with a symbiote, a weapon which is a part of the creature itself. Human warriors call this unholy thing the Fleshborer.

This strange weapon creature spits a grub-like nodule which hurls itself upon its target, manic jaws whirling and biting like an animated apple corer. Its entire life energy is expended in a brief few seconds of destruction.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Termagant	6	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	5



There is a terrible darkness descending upon the galaxy, and we shall not see it ended in our lifetimes.

Inquisitor Czevak at the Conclave of Har from The Har Transcriptum

CARNIFEX

The Carnifex is known as the Screamer Killer by the warriors of the Imperium because of the high-pitched scream it makes as it scuttles forward, scything its long razor-edged killing arms. Its massive round body is extremely tough, its chitinous hide protects it from damage, and its shape enables it to survive tremendous pressure.

A Carnifex is quite capable of beating a path through almost any obstacle, whether a defensive line, an armoured vehicle, or even a building. As well as its fearsome blade-like arms, the Carnifex has another natural weapon. Its guts process a highly energised plasma, a sort of bio-plasma, which the creature can spit out in the form of a deadly projectile.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Carnifex	6	6	4	7	8	10	6	4	10

SPECIAL RULES

Psychology. The Carnifex is immune to all psychological factors. It cannot be affected by *fear*, *terror*, or any of the psychological factors described in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook.

Terror. The Carnifex is a massive and utterly horrifying monster. It causes *terror* as described in the Psychology section of the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook. Remember, creatures that cause *terror* automatically cause *fear* as well.

Chitinous Body. The Carnifex's extremely resilient body gives it a natural armour saving throw. This special saving throw is taken not on a single D6, like normal saving throws, but on 2D6. This reflects the extremely thick and effective protection offered by creature's outer surface.

When the creature suffers damage, roll 2D6. On the score of a 3 or more the damage is saved. Normal saving throw modifiers for weapons apply, so the creature's saving throw is reduced considerably when it is struck by powerful weapons. Note that this procedure is the same as for Space Marines wearing Terminator armour.

Crush Attack. The Carnifex normally has four attacks in hand-to-hand combat at Strength 7. However, it may choose to roll one attack dice instead with any hits being resolved at Strength 10.

Bio-Plasma. If a Carnifex does not move during the turn it may spew a burst of bio-plasma in the shooting phase just as other troops can shoot weapons. Bio-plasma has the following profile.

Short Range	Long Range	To Hit Short	To Hit Long	Strength	Damage	Save Modifier	Special
18	36	+1	-	8	D6	-4	Move or fire Burst 2" radius.

TYRANID HIVE TYRANT

The Hive Tyrant is a large and massively powerful creature. It resembles a Tyranid Warrior in a similar way that the Genestealer Patriarch is a larger and more powerful Genestealer, though whether they are created so or have evolved from a higher form is unknown. Only individual Hive Tyrants have been reported to date, but who can say what proportion of the hive fleet is made up of them. Like all Tyranids, they seem able to mutate rapidly, and several different physical characteristics have been reported.

The Hive Tyrant is highly psychic, and its relationship to the hive mind is closer than even that of the Tyranid Warriors. Little is known for certain about the complex relationships between these creatures, but some of the Imperial Techno-Magi believe the Hive Tyrants are the consort-minds of the Hive Queen that forms the repository of the hive fleet's own collective consciousness. If this is true, the Hive Tyrants embody the hive mind completely, but their destruction does not diminish it in any way.

Troop Type	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hive Tyrant	6	9	7	6	6	5	8	5	10

SPECIAL RULES

Leadership. The Hive Tyrant is immune to all psychological factors. It cannot be affected by *fear*, *terror*, or any of the psychological factors described in the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook. In addition, the Hive Tyrant cannot be broken and does not have to take a Break test. It will automatically pass any Leadership-based test it is required to make. The Hive Tyrant's Leadership value is therefore never used, but is included for comparative purposes.

Carapace. The Hive Tyrant has a thick chitinous carapace which can absorb considerable damage. This gives it an armour saving throw of 4, 5 or 6 on a D6.

Hive Mind. The Hive Tyrant acts as a psychic nodal point of the hive mind. No other Tyranid units within 18" of a Hive Tyrant need take any Leadership-based test – they will automatically pass. This means that units cannot be broken or affected by psychology. If an already broken unit is within 18" of a Hive Tyrant in the rally phase it will automatically rally.

Terror. The Hive Tyrant is a massive and terrifying creature. It causes *terror* as described in the Psychology section of the Warhammer 40,000 Rulebook. Remember that creatures which cause *terror* automatically cause *fear* as well.

RAGNAR BLACKMANE'S SPACE WOLVES



GHAZGHKULL THRAKA'S ORK WARBAND





SPACE MARINES FROM THE BLOOD ANGELS CHAPTER BATTLE AGAINST A TYRANID HORDE